# Watson's Magazine

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# Auld Robin Gray

## Lady Anne Barnard

"When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
*The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,*
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

"Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea:
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

"Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

"My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, 'Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?'

"My heart it said Na, and I look'd for Jamie back:
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

"My father argued sair—*my mother didna speak,*
*But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;*
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea:
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

"I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!'

"O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bade him gang awa.
*I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;*
*For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!*

*"I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin:*
*I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.*
*But I will do my best a gudewife aye to be,*
*For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me."*

# Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

## The House of Hapsburg

### The Reigning "Divine Right" Austrian Dynasty

IN the year 1859, the French historian, Alfred Michiels, published a work of careful research, based on original documents of the Austrian archives, and thereby threw a flood of light on German statecraft which had previously been shrouded in mystery.

The knowledge of these secret documents had been obtained through the stealth of Baron Joseph Hormayr, director of the Austrian archives. For twenty-five years he held the office, and during that period his ravenous curiosity, unwearied industry, and marvellous memory made him the master of the inner closets and vaults of Hapsburg and Jesuit diabolism.

In 1828, King Louis of Bavaria invited Baron Hormayr to quit Austria for Munich: and the learned keeper of the Hapsburg archives seems to have carried off with him, partly in his mind and partly in his baggage, the more important contents of the documents he had been "directing."

The Baron did not take away the originals, but his notes were copious and his copies exact: therefore it may be said with substantial truth that he opened the Austrian archives to the world. I am not certain that this was exactly honest, but am genuinely glad that he did it. If Prometheus deserves our thanks for having stolen fire from the grudging, unsympathetic gods; if the New England patriots are to be venerated for robbing the British tea-vessel in Boston harbor; if we are to continue to honor Jacob for cheating his brother and his dying father; if we are glad to owe David to the incest of Lot's daughters, and the human origin of Christ to the wife of Uriah, then we can assuredly forgive Baron Hormayr for looting the secrets of the Austrian archives.

In volume after volume, this most admirable thief put upon the market the books which he made out of the facts contained in the hidden papers of the Hapsburgs. "It is impossible," says Michiels, "to write a history of Austria, or even of Germany, without consulting him."

In the Preface to his own book, "Secret History of the Austrian Government," Alfred Michiels asserts that, "Austria is, *even more than Russia*, the head-quarters of despotism, a funereal goal, where entire nations are put to the torture, where brute force violates all laws in the name of justice, profanes all religious maxims in the name of piety, and abjures all human sentiments in the name of clemency.

There reigns a dissimulation as unlimited as it is pitiless."

This constitutes a tremendous indictment against the most papal empire in the world. It is the empire which remains intensely papal and Jesuit, even after Portugal has become a Republic, and Spain a sort of half-born modern State, where the Protestant God is re-

luctantly permitted to slink around in the back alley, and be with His worshippers behind closed doors.

In the year 1294, an Italian whose name was Benedict Cajetan reigned under the title of Pope Boniface VIII. Of him, after he had died miserably, a discredited and imprisoned man, the papal historian Platina says that he had "made it his business to infuse terror rather than religion into emperors, kings, princes, nations, and states; and would pretend to give and take away kingdoms, to banish and recall men, as he thought fitting, to his pride and covetousness, which were unspeakable."

In the early years of Pope Boniface VIII., Edward I. was King of England, and Philip IV., of France. Between the two realms there was strife, and Philip decided to lay a tax on the dropsical wealth of the Church to raise funds wherewith to fight the English. Boniface vehemently objected to this invasion of the holy property of God, and he issued a decree (Bull) threatening damnation on all who should obey the King.

On the other side of the Channel, Edward I. threatened to outlaw any bold Briton who refused to pay his papal dues.

Sadly missing the inflow of French gold, the ready-witted Pope proclaimed a Jubilee, and promised to forgive the sins of all such mortals as would hie to Rome in the year 1300—provided they confessed and did penance. A vast multitude of sinful and purseful people pilgrimaged Romeward, choked the streets of the Eternal City, opened their lips with stories of their sins, and opened their purses to pay the penance.

Thus every soul was made happy: the sinners cleared their criminal dockets, and the Papa filled his pious treasury.

Filled with the arrogance of ready cash, the Pope renewed his combat with the King of France. This monarch, known to history as Philip the Handsome, was centuries ahead of his times in some matters, just as several of the German emperors were. He had imprisoned a Catholic bishop, and threatened to put him to death for high treason.

The Pope thundered against the king, forbidding him to collect taxes out of the Church property, and boldly declaring that "God has placed us (the Pope) above kings and kingdoms."

Philip retorted, "Your illustrious stupidity should know that in secular matters we (the king) are subject to no one."

The French Catholics stood by their monarch, solemnly proclaimed their independence of the Italian Pope, and thus established the Gallican liberties, which cut so large a figure in after times.

The furious Boniface replied with his celebrated decree (Bull) *unan sanctam* (1302) to the effect that the Roman Church has *two swords*, the spiritual and the secular, *and that kings, emperors, princes and warriors use the secular sword "at the order and permission of the priest."*

As to the ecclesiastical sword, that is the weapon of the Church alone, and "should the supreme spiritual power go astray, it cannot be judged by man, but by God only."

"Moreover we declare, assert, determine, and proclaim *that submission to the bishop of Rome* is absolutely necessary for *all men TO SALVATION.*"

No wonder the austere Catholic, Dante, wrote "The Church of Rome falls into the mire because the double honour and the double rule, *confounded within her*, defile herself and her dignity." (Harmsworth's History, Vol. 5, p. 3744.)

It will be instructive for us to see at least some of the consequences of the monstrous claims of the Papacy.

It being dangerous to think, and fatal to differ from the dogmatic creed of Rome, learning sank to its lowest ebb. What scholar would give himself to inquiry and research, when such a path was the narrow one leading to dungeon and stake? What priest would cultivate his mind, when it answered all the demands on his time and intellect to go through the ceremonial prescribed by the Church?

When the more enlightened French clergy accused the Italian prelates of dense illiteracy, their reply was, that St. Peter did not know everything, and yet he became gatekeeper of Heaven!

Self-complacent ignorance took possession of the Roman clergy, as a natural result of the system which demanded unity, obedience, conformity, *rather than investigation and truth.*

The idle brain being the Devil's favorite work-room, the monasteries and nunneries almost put the tavern and the brothel out of business. Who would pay the professional woman, when nuns were so accessible and inexpensive?

Some of the monks married, like decent fellows, and reared families. Others, less decent, took concubines, and used the vestments of the Mass to clothe their paramours.

The golden vessels of the Altar were melted, and rings, bracelets and other useful articles of adornment made out of the metal. The *Christianity* of Italy was on the point of extinction. (Harmsworth, Vol. 5., p. 3720.)

Every church, however, maintained its elaborate and sensuous ceremonial worship—the music, the paintings, the images, the candles, the incense, &c.

Every church set immense store by its sacred "relics." In one place, was the identical crown of thorns that Christ had worn! (Gibbon's Rome, Vol. VI., p. 122.)

In another was a piece of the cradle in which Christ had lain, and the candle which had burnt at his birth.

Another monastery could show the wood of which Peter *wished* to make the three tabernacles, upon the Mount of Transfiguration.

Yet another had some of the Virgin's maternal milk. Of course, there were many nails of the Cross, and innumerable bits of the Cross itself, in addition to the complete one kept at Rome.

The priest was everywhere, and almost everything. No walk of life could escape the tread of this broker who transacted all the affairs between man and God. The priest, and his office, and his officiating, and his fee, were omnipresent, omnipotent, and omnivorous. He was at once the highway and the toll-gate, the ocean and the custom-house collector; the shepherd, the shearer and the owner of the flock.

Untaxed himself, he taxed everybody. His feet were as impartial as those of Death: with equal step he approached the palace and the hut. He fleeced the prince and the pauper, the fool and the sage, the cradle and the grave. Like the elephant's trunk which can with equal ease uproot the oak and pick up a pin, the priest could empty the treasure-chest of kings, and break in two the lean loaf of the serf.

He taught the people that criminals fleeing to sanctuary, must be left to the protection of the Church—and the priests reduced the fugitives from justice to perpetual slavery, and fared sumptuously every day off their unpaid labor!

The priest preached the Brotherhood of Man, and then compelled the king to adopt Fugitive-slave laws which pitilessly flung back into the monastery the poor wretches who had escaped that living death!

(See "Medieval Sicily," p. 208., Duckworth & Co., London, 1910. "The Sanctuaries," Rev. Chas. Cox, LL.D., Geo. Allen & Sons, London, 1911.)

Everything required a priestly Blessing, and the blessing must be paid for,

as per Roman tariff-scale of prices. The dwelling, the spring, the orchard, the pasture, the wheat field all needed a blessing. So likewise did the harvest, the eggs, the cheese, the apples, the grapes. The cattle going to graze needed a blessing: the bees when they swarmed must be blessed: the very dogs, at the beginning of the chase, must wait in leash until a paunchy itchy-palm priest could bless them in the name of Holy Mother Church.

God! What abasement can an organized Imposture bring upon the human race!

It was at this period that the Confessional was instituted, and that the monkish doctrine of Radbertus was adopted—a doctrine which made God-creators out of priests of all degrees, colors and characters. Given a flour-mill, a bakery, and a priest, innumerable Gods could be produced in every wheat field.

Well might the modernist emperor of Germany, Frederick II., exclaim, "How long will this mummery last?"

The priests were following the pan-cake through the streets, and sane Christians were falling upon their knees as the pan-cake passed. The priests had declared that they had miraculously called God from on high to get into the wafer, and that He had obeyed. Hence, the people knelt!

That was in the year 1231. The mummery yet lasts. Not only does enlightened Europe bow to this blasphemous and horrible doctrine, but the President of the United States, the Army, the Navy, the Cabinet and the Supreme Court all do it!

It was on All Saints' Day, that the earthquake in Catholic Lisbon shook the churches down on the worshipping Catholics: not a single heretic perished, because there weren't any heretics left. The Catholics had carefully burned them all.

It was on All Saints' Day, that Martin Luther nailed to the church-door in Wittenberg his documentary-overthrow of mediæval popery—which goes to show how widely different can be the happenings to good Catholics on All Saints' Day.

The Emperor Charles V. was a very great glutton, a subtile politician, and a most orthodox papist. He burnt some eminent Protestants to glorify God, as per Papal ideas, and his generals vanquished the Lutheran army at the battle of Muhlburg. (1547.) Consequently, he said of himself, "I came, I saw, and God conquered."

Five years afterwards, and in the depth of winter, this proud Emperor was being trotted in a litter, through the rain and snow, at midnight, to escape the Lutherans, who were hot on his heels, and it was Maurice of Saxony who might have paraphrased the famous saying of Cæsar.

A couple of months later, the humbled Emperor signed the Treaty of Passau, which granted the Protestants liberty of conscience. (1552.)

The peace of Augsburg (1555) renewed this pact for freedom of religion, and confirmed to the actual holders of ecclesiastical property those possessions which had been secularized previous to the convention of Passau. (Duruy's "Modern Times," p. 171.)

In 1542 a new Inquisition had been set up in Rome itself. Spies of the Pope were sent to the four points of the compass. Neither rank nor dignity was immune. These papal spies were clothed with papal authority to jail suspects, confiscate their property, hang and burn those whom they pronounced untrue to the Roman Catholic faith. People in terror fled from their homes, and the highways from Italy were thronged with fugitives.

All Italians were forbidden to examine into the papal creed. "Believe or die!" become the watchword of the Inquisitors.

Men ceased to think: art declined

like letters, and Italy became a land of the dead. Did morals gain? The cicisbeo (the lover of each wife) and the bandit answer as to private and public morality.

The Inquisition was considered only a measure of defense: it was necessary to attack the Reformation in its home. Catholicism had retreated long enough: the thing was to march forward. The Holy See multiplied the pious militia which combated for it.

The most conspicuous of these (the pious militia) were the Jesuits. (Duruy's "Modern Times," pages 191 and 2.)

"The new order made rapid progress. In 1540 the Pope had conditionally approved its creation; in 1543 he had approved it fully. When Ignatius (Loyala) died in 1556 the society already counted 14 provinces, 100 colleges, and 1,000 members.

"Spain and Italy were already conquered"—by the dungeon, the torture, the sword, the blazing stake—"Austria and Bavaria occupied: France and the Netherlands entered upon." (Duruy, page 194.)

The Council of Trent sat at intervals from 1545 to 1563: in 1564 the Pope confirmed its decrees. Then came, the next year, the Bayonne conferences at which Spain and France made a compact for the extirpation of heresy, that is, for the slaughter of everybody who would not join the Roman Catholic church.

Bloody Philip II. in Spain: bloody Catherine de Medici in France: bloody Mary in England, all worked in sanguinary zeal for the glory of the Italian church.

Philip's father had massacred 50,000 Dutchmen for having ideas of their own about religion.

Philip began his ferocious career of bigotry and persecution by having the head of Count Egmont cut off—the Count being the captain who had won for Spain the great battle of St. Quentin.

It is estimated that this monster, Philip II., slaughtered in the open field, on the scaffold, in the torture-room, and at the burning stake, not less than 100,000 Europeans whose only offense was that they did not believe in popery.

How many Jews and Moors he caused the death of, can never be known.

He died at last, in 1598, of that most hideous disease, phthiriasis—being literally rotten with ulcers and worms.

Philip left Spain "a soulless body," "a living corpse."

The historian, Duruy, says, "Today this corpse is becoming re-animate, but so profound had been the deadly influence (of Roman Catholic bigotry) that respectable people there (in Spain) were condemned, *so late as* 1862, to the galleys for *having read a Protestant Bible*."

(I quote Duruy with especial pleasure, because some of the Papist editors in this country do so.

Let us hope that all American Catholics will read Duruy's History of Modern Times. The English translation is published by Henry Holt & Co., of New York. The price is $2.00.)

Charles V. had employed fire and sword, gold and diplomacy against the Reformation, and had quit the fight, a worn-out, discouraged man. His brother Ferdinand I. did not persecute. On the contrary, he urged the Pope to allow priests to marry, to return to the former mode of using both wine and bread at communion, and to repudiate some of the more fanatical decrees of the Council of Trent.

The Venetian ambassador reported that nine-tenths of the German population had adopted the principles of the Reformation by 1556, and that a system of mutual toleration between Catholics and Lutherans had been adopted.

Montaigue who visited Germany in

1589, speaks of the mixed marriages of Catholics and Huguenots, and of the friendly relations existing between the two sects.

Micheli, another Venetian envoy, wrote, in 1568, "A system of mutual toleration has become customary, wherever the two faiths are mingled, no one cares to inquire whether a person is Catholic or Protestant. The same indulgence prevails in families: in many houses the parents profess one doctrine, the children the other. Brothers hold different religious opinions. Catholics and Huguenots intermarry. No one complains against it, or regards it as a scandal."

Can you imagine a finer picture of religious amity and real Christianity? Do you not instinctively inquire, Who changed this peaceful state of mutual forbearance into the raging hell of a Thirty Years' War?

Ferdinand I. was succeeded by Maximilian II., and the son trod in the steps of his sire. He was a Catholic, but he had no desire to murder anybody who was not.

He granted religious liberty to Bohemia and Austria; and in Vienna, itself, the Protestant nobles heard the Gospel preached by their Lutheran ministers. In Bavaria, as in Austria, nearly all the nobility had adopted the system of free examination." (Michiels, p. 5.)

Maximilian II. having learned that his son Rudolph, led astray by Spanish and Italian companions, meant to attack a Lutheran church, was so enraged that he boxed the prince's ears.

This Rudolph in turn became Emperor, and during his half-insane life, the Reformation continued to spread. In 1578 religious liberty was proclaimed, by the Archduke Charles, in Styria, Carinthia and Carniola. In the whole duchy of Austria there were only five noble families that remained Papists!

How was this tide forced back? How did popery reconquer this lost ground?

It is the old story of the fearful power of *education*. The Jesuits got hold of a twelve-year-old prince, had the complete control of his mind for five years, and at the end of that period, Ferdinand II. was not only a most bigoted Catholic, but a most inflexibly pitiless Jesuit.

He went to Rome, kissed the Pope's foot, and swore on his knees to bring Germany back into the power of the Italian Church. He adopted the murderous motto—"Sooner a desert than a country peopled by heretics." (Michiels, p. 7.)

In 1598 this abnormal monarch set to work. He issued a decree commanding the Catholic worship, and prohibiting any other. He ordered that Protestant literature be burnt on the public square. He proscribed the Lutheran clergy, threatening with imprisonment any who should remain in his dominions.

He closed the Protestant schools, and disqualified for office all save the Catholics. No Protestant could sit in a municipal council or claim the right of citizenship.

He re-established the monkish brotherhoods, the nunneries, and the use of public parades, ceremonies, &c., so dear to the Papal heart.

These edicts were published throughout Ferdinand's hereditary provinces of Styria, Carinthia and Carniola.

Then the Jesuits took the field for active operations, *accompanied by escorts of* 300 *soldiers to each squad of priests.*

These bands would suddenly make their appearance in towns, demand of the municipal authorities that the inhabitants be summoned; and then, when the citizens were assembled, *with soldiers encircling the crowd*, a priest would preach a lengthy sermon expounding the Roman Catholic faith.

After this, each citizen of the town would be called, *by name*, and ordered

to renounce the Protestant doctrines, *on the spot.*

If any man stood firm, he was immediately condemned by the priests, made to pay a fine, or banished, or beaten into submission. Some of the more wealthy and influential Protestants were given a few weeks for meditation; but if they still refused to join the Roman Catholic Church, their property was confiscated and themselves sent into exile.

The Protestant churches were blown to pieces with gunpowder, the walls of Lutheran cemeteries pulled down, and the tombstones scattered about. Wherever a Protestant has been buried, in the days of toleration, near a Catholic, the grave was opened, and the bones cast out of the "consecrated ground." (Michiels, p. 10.)

Protestant libraries were burned, gallows were put up where churches had stood, and one brave minister who refused to be silent brought upon himself and his wife a terrible fate. At Gratz, Styria, the Rev. Simon Heusinger and his wife Eva persisted in saying that the Lutheran faith was superior to popery, and they were cast into prison and choked to death, *for no other cause.*

To make these facts the more appalling, we must bear in mind that they were stated publicly and boastingly by the Roman Catholic *eulogist* of Ferdinand II. In preparing his panegyric on the persecuting Emperor, Consult Hurter recited these measures taken by the crowned bigot in stamping out religious freedom.

From Styria, the crusade of Jesuit persecution next invaded Carinthia and Carniola. The priests and the soldiers created a reign of terror. "Nearly all the great families quitted a country ravaged by fanaticism, and sought refuge in Bohemia and Hungary." (Michiels, p. 11.)

Among the fugitives was the celebrated astronomer, Kepler, who, like Gallileo, found it a dangerous thing to know more than the dirty, ignorant priests.

So thoroughly had the Jesuits taken possession of what Ferdinand supposed to be his mind, that a favorite saying of his was—

"Were I to meet a priest and an angel at the same moment, I would salute the priest first."

Naturally. It is not claimed that the angels can create God out of a handful of wheat, and it *is* claimed that the priests do it every day. The Irish priests do it, the Italian priests do it, the Chinese priests do it, the Hindu priests do it, the Filipino priests do it, the negro priests do it.

Therefore, when a Roman Catholic monarch meets a nigger priest and an angel at the same time, it is eminently proper for him to salute the nigger first. (It is doubtful whether the angels acquiesce in this.)

The Jesuits built a human wall around Ferdinand II. By day and by night, they kept him within sight. No outside influence could reach him. No word to the contrary of what the Jesuits said could find his ear. Even had such word found his ear, it could not have pierced the plate-armor of his Jesuit education.

The two Jesuits who are mainly responsible for the savage persecution of the Lutherans and for the crimes, usurpations and breaches of treaty which led to the Thirty Years' War, were William Lamormain and John Weingartner. (Michiels, p. 12.)

For five years, the priests and the soldiers harried the hereditary states of Ferdinand, but during this time Rudolph II. was Emperor of Germany.

In 1606 he pledged his imperial faith to Hungary in granting liberty of worship. Bohemia won the same concession in 1609.

When Rudolph died and was succeeded by his brother Matthias, Ferdinand (Archduke of Styria, Carinthia

and Carniola) got himself nominated King of Bohemia.

The official representatives of the people (the estates) required Ferdinand to take the most solemn oath to confirm to Bohemia the liberty of worship which the Emperor had granted.

The manner in which Ferdinand readily took the most sacred oath that could be devised, *and then perfidiously broke it*, illustrates the folly of Protestants and non-Catholics who think that *any oath* can hold a Catholic where popery is at stake.

The Jesuits began a campaign in Bohemia, underground and stealthy. They used inflammatory literature, circulated among the Catholics, inciting them against their Protestant neighbors. They argued that the edict of toleration was not binding, that it had been wrung from Rudolph by force, and that as they now had a new King, they should have a new law. The solemn oath that Ferdinand had taken cut no figure at all: the Pope could absolve him from it. Throughout Bohemia the Jesuits intrigued under cover, hoping to stir up an insurrection.

The first spark was kindled when the bigoted Archbishop of Prague *destroyed some Protestant churches*, which had been built on the domains of the Abbeys of Grab and Braunau.

The Lutherans, greatly agitated, held public meetings, and chose delegates to the imperial court at Vienna to lay their complaint before Matthias. The Emperor refused to listen to the deputation and ordered that the Lutheran committee of defence be dispersed.

On May 23, 1618, some of the Protestants led by Count Thurn, (who had fled into Bohemia to escape the persecution of Ferdinand,) forced their way into the palace where the imperial councillors were sitting.

Following a time-honored Bohemian custom, the Lutherans threw these councillors out of the window. However, they happened to fall into another dung-heap, not imperial but most convenient, and they escaped bodily hurt.

The people at once formed a provisional organization in defence of their chartered liberties, and Count Thurn was elected Commander-in-Chief of the volunteers who meant to fight for religious freedom. The situation and the action of the Bohemian patriots were much like those in the colonies when the Virginia farmer, George Washington, was put at the head of the raw Continentals.

*The first decree of the provisional committee ordered THE IMMEDIATE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.*

In much the same situation, Portugal drove out these incorrigible and most dangerous enemies of civil and religious liberty.

Only a few weeks ago, the patriots of Mexico did the same thing; *and these expelled intriguers of Portugal and Mexico are NOW at work, underground, against OUR liberties and institutions!*

With the destruction of those Protestant churches by the Archbishop of Prague, *and the refusal of the Emperor to take cognizance of the violation of Bohemia's chartered rights, THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR BEGAN.*

Thus the Jesuits had accomplished their purpose, and the most tragic, unnatural, un-Christian and protracted carnage that humanity ever suffered, had its origin in the devilish aims and methods of this most diabolical of all secret societies.

For the history of the Thirty Years' War, I must refer you to Schiller's great work, written, however, before the secrets of the Austrian archives were revealed. Other books covering more briefly the same period are Fyffe's "Modern Europe," Schwill's "Modern Europe," Markham's "Germany," Harmsworth's "History of the

World," Duruy's "Modern Times," &c.

To make my story of the Hapsburg's intelligible, I must state that imperial troops were sent by the Emperor against the Bohemian patriots, and that these Catholic forces were defeated. Then the Lutherans carried the war into Austria and came near taking Vienna *twice*. But Count Thurn did not push his advantage with enough energy, and the golden moment passed. The Protestants (or Hussites) set up a sorry prince as their King and this weak, cowardly creature, Frederick, count palatine, reigned one winter. His army was beaten at Prague, and he fled the country. (1620.)

Ferdinand II., in order to pacify the Bohemians proclaimed a general amnesty, pardoned the rebels, and promised safety for property, persons and honor. This ruse had its effect. The Protestants laid down their arms, and the Lutheran forces under the famous Count Mansfeldt left Bohemia.

Then the Jesuits began their work. On Feb. 28th, 1621, forty-eight Bohemian nobles and prominent citizens were seized and thrown into prisons. The Emperor Ferdinand hesitated to break his recent pledges and his solemn coronation oath (already mentioned) but the Jesuit, Lamormain, showed impatient temper, and irritably exclaimed, "I take all that on my own conscience."

Backed up by the Jesuit Weingartner, and four chiefs of this terrible secret society, which kings were beginning to be afraid of, Ferdinand yielded. Next day the fatal order that was to cause rivers of blood-shed was on its way to Bohemia. (Michiels, p. 19.)

The forty-eight victims of Jesuit policy and imperial perfidy were put to death at once, some with the rope, some with the axe, some with horrible tortures. *In some cases, the hands were chopped off, and the tongue torn out, before their bodies were quartered alive.*

Count Schlik voiced the heroic resolution of all these martyrs when he said, "Tear our bodies into a thousand pieces, trample on our entrails, but you will find nothing . . . except that we took up arms at last *to defend our persecuted religion, our violated constitution, and our national independence.* God has delivered us into your hands. May His will be accomplished, and His name be praised."

The martyrs spent their last night in song and prayer and exhortation, not one of them closing his eyes. It was their Gethsemane, and none slept. When day broke, a rainbow stretched its radiant crescent athwart the heavens. Singing the forty-fourth Psalm, they walked through the streets to the place of execution.

One of the Jesuit victims was John of Jessen, friend of Kepler and of Tycho Brahe, and one of the founders of the science of anatomy. He had been physician to the two tolerating emperors, Rudolph and Matthias. Ferdinand II. and his Jesuits hated this scientist so rancorously that *they had his tongue torn out*, before his head was struck off!

Another of the victims was Gaspard Kaplitzz, ninety years old. He was so stiff and feeble that it was difficult for him to kneel at the block and place his hoary head in such a position that the executioner could strike it off with his sword.

Bohemia lost all her political and religious rights, as well as the liberty of electing her own kings. The charters which Rudolph and Matthias had granted, and which Ferdinand II. had solemnly sworn to respect, were torn up by him and the fragments cast into the fire.

The language and literature of the Bohemians were proscribed. Bohemian libraries burnt, and all their precious collections of manuscripts destroyed.

In every direction the confiscation of property went hand in hand with persecution. Thus, cupidity spurred fanaticism and the cloak of religion covered the greed of the rapacious. The emperor, the courtiers, the soldiers and the Jesuits were gorged with loot which dripped Protestant blood.

A few months after the faithless, perjured Ferdinand II. had murdered the Hussite chiefs at Prague, he set another trap for the unwary. By proclamation he offered amnesty to all who would send in their names, as being persons entitled to the pardon, confessing that they had been concerned in the patriot movement. Seven hundred and twenty of the nobles *again* trusted this perfidious emperor, and were again betrayed. He immediately confiscated their property, robbing his faithful subjects of 43,000,000 florins by that one act of baseness. The nobility of Moravia were bankrupted and they abandoned their country.

Even then this twice-perjured Ferdinant sought to lure victims to their doom by promises. To the ex-governor of an Austrian province, Frederick of Roggendorf who had escaped, he offered a pardon. Bitterly and scornfully, Frederick replied, "What pardon? Is it that given to the Bohemian nobles—death by the axe? or that of Moravia—perpetual imprisonment? or that of Austria—confiscation of all landed property?"

"When threats, blows, spoliation and torture were not sufficient to convert the heterodox, they were assailed in the noblest, deepest of human feelings. *Their children were torn from them, and martyred in their sight*, in order to tame their resistance and overcome their courage. Parents could not behold *their boys and girls mutilated* without yielding, and then a priest dictated to them the form of abjuration.

Two officers on one of these ferocious expeditions *seized a naked child, and, each holding it by a foot, cut it in two with their sabres. They then offered the father and mother the bleeding halves.*"

(Hormayr. Taschenbuch fur die Vaterlandische Geschichte. Jahrgang. 1836. Quoted in Michiels, 39.)

The fearful significance of this detail of religious ferocity is, that it was a part of a systematic, premeditated work, altogether different from the more or less sudden Sicilian Vespers and St. Bartholomew Massacre.

The hideous fact of the naked babe split open and the bleeding halves offered to the Protestant parents, was officially reported to the Hapsburg emperor and his Jesuit advisers. The secret lay hidden in the archives along with others equally horrible, and both Ferdinand II. and his Jesuit instigators gloated over the atrocity.

One Lutheran minister, the curate of Bistritz, an old man of seventy, sick in his bed, was shot where he lay. Rev. Paul Moller was shot and killed as he stood in his pulpit, preaching. Other Protestant clergymen were burnt to death on piles composed partly of their libraries and written sermons. Others, like Laurence Kurzius, John Bereneck, and Moses Antecœnius were slowly roasted over the coals of a brazier.

One preacher named Maresch was forcibly held while the brutal Catholic soldiers violated his two daughters before his face: then they stoned him, ran their lances through him, and cut him to pieces with their swords.

With others, they first cut off the right hand, and then the head; some, like Rev. Matthias Ulisky, were cut into four pieces. Rev. John Buffler was fastened to a tree, and the Catholic soldiers practised on him as a target until he was dead.

When the Catholic soldiers saw a Protestant minister at large, they immediately fired upon him, as upon a wild beast, and his corpse was left where it fell.

Finally, all Hussite ministers were

outlawed by imperial decree. *After eight days if any remained, their lives were forfeit.*

Jesuit hatred was not to be balked by death and the grave. They tore open the tombs of the Bohemian hero, John Ziska, and of Rockyczana, and scattered their bones over the ground! (Michiels, page 40.)

What is it that kindles this intensity of diabolism in the hearts of popish priests? On what theory is it explained that men who profess the merciful Saviour, have no mercy?

They dug up the coffin of John Wycliffe, the Catholic Christian, and threw his ashes into the river—why? Because he was *not* a blind papist and had translated the Bible into the common language so that the common people could read it.

Previously the Book was sealed in a dead tongue, the Latin, and the one copy which belonged to each church was chained to the altar, by a metal chain, lest it might be taken away by the curious and read in stealth by such Catholics as knew Latin.

William Tyndale was kidnapped and choked to death, for the same offence—that of putting the Bible into English—and his body burnt to ashes.

Whence comes this devilish rancor against fellow mortals whose only provocation is that they differ from Italian popery in the matter of *the Christian* religion?

The emphasis is on the word Christian, for the Papists have never displayed against Buddhist, Confucianist or Mohammedan the savage hatred they visit upon Christians who are not willing to worship the Italian Pope.

(The Catholic church, you know, is strictly an Italian corporation, made in Italy, renewed in Italy, and seeking to govern the world from Italy. *Nobody but an Italian can ever be Pope*, for, since the Italians got control of the inner machinery some 400 years ago, *they have never let go.*)

During the reign of terror which these deliberate and systematized brutalities brought upon Bohemia, the Jesuits went about, soft-footed and pious looking, committing every crime sanctimoniously and with boundless self-approval. To the trembling, fear-stricken people they preached—

"These measures must neither surprise nor irritate you: we are only laboring for your good. Heretics are like children or like people suffering from brain-fever. Feel glad, then, that we come to the aid of your poor souls. Testify your gratitude to the emperor." &c.

For two hundred years the Austrian government forbade any one to write on this, possibly the most hellish era in the history of mankind.

All Europe rang with denunciations of the retaliatory laws which victorious Protestants passed in Great Britain to forever render harmless the terrible Italian Church which had so long been a curse to that Empire. Those precautionary laws were repealed at the behest of modern opinion, and in answer to the lying assurances of Rome: now England is facing another tremendous crisis, brought on by Jesuit intrigue, and the fact that *Irish Catholics and English Catholics owe their first allegiance to an Italian potentate.*

What we have *not* heard about, are the laws that the Jesuits put upon the Bohemian kingdom.

Consider some of them:

"(1.) Every individual not professing the Catholic faith *is forbidden to carry on any trade*, or lucrative profession, or to gain money *by his labor.*

(2.) Any one *who gives shelter* to an Evangelical minister *will die on the scaffold*, and forfeit all his property.

Any one who allows a heretic minister to preach, baptise or marry *in his house*, will pay a fine of 100 florins.

(3.) Protestant ministers will not be allowed to accompany the bodies of dead heretics to the graveyard.

*By special grace*, Protestant women married to Catholics will be tolerated in Bohemia, *during the life time of their husbands;* but they must quit the country immediately after the death of their husbands, and they cannot inherit his property.

(4.) All who eat meat on fast days are to be banished and their property confiscated.

*Those who ridicule* the Catholic ceremonies must suffer the same fate.

*Any one who ridicules a priest*, must suffer the same penalty.

No one but a Catholic shall teach children.

None but Catholics can make wills.

None but Catholics shall engage in the fine arts.

*Any one ridiculing* the Virgin or *the Papal ceremonies, shall suffer death*, and confiscation of property.

None but Catholics shall remain in hospitals and receive care.

"Such is the immutable will of his Catholic majesty, Ferdinand II.

(Signed.) CHARLES,
Prince of Lichtenstein."

Nothing in the anti-Romanist code of England ever equalled the barbarity of this; and in Britain the Reformers had frightful provocaton to clip the claws of the Italian monster, and to draw its deadly fangs. But in Bohemia, the Protestants had not given any provocation at all. They had been living in amity with their Catholic neighbors. They had been intermarrying with them; and the same peaceful household had been partly of one religion and partly of the other. Besides they supposed themselves to be securely covered from persecution by the charters of two emperors, and the solemn oath of a third.

The Jesuits, the hell-born Jesuits, wrought the change, saturated the mind of Ferdinand with cold, inexorable bigotry, taught him that it was a deadly sin to permit a heretic to live in his dominions, inflamed Catholic nobles against their Lutheran peers, set the two sects at deadly enmity, and literally carried into practical effect their terrible and satanic *oath*, to "extirpate" all who refused to join the Catholic Church.

What are we Americans to think, what are we expected to feel, when we see these plotting Jesuits—*with the blood of nations on their garments, and the curse of their hideous record on their heads*—flocking to our Republic, as they are driven out of France, out of Portugal, out of Spain, and out of Mexico?

"*No matter what their physical condition may be*, the poor who are being taken care of in hospitals, *must be thrown out*, if before All Souls-day, they do not join the Catholic Church."

The month of November in Northern Europe is wintry and bitterly cold: to throw sick people into the streets on the snow, or on the frozen ground, or into the icy blast is an eminently Papal way to do missionary work for the compassionate Jesus Christ. Is there any law against Catholics, in any Protestant code, mediæval or modern, which bears the least resemblance to that Jesuit decree enforced under Ferdinand II.? Is the record of Mohammedanism, or Buddhism, of Confucianism blackened by any such deliberate decree of a law-making authority?

Verily, the most infamous of all the human beings who have been puffed up with the insane vanity of Divine Right, are these Hapsburgs of Austria and Spain.

Having crushed Protestantism in Styria, Carinthia, Carmola, Moravia, and Bohemia, the Jesuits next concentrated their efforts upon Austria proper. This state was not under the rule of Ferdinand until after the death of the emperor Matthias in 1619.

On the 28th of September, 1622, all the Mennonites and Anabaptists were ordered out of the country, because *one*

of them had given a night's shelter in his house to the fugitive king of Bohemia!

In October of the same year, the Lutheran ministers were expelled.

No estate could henceforth be enrolled on the official list as belonging to a Protestant, and none of that hated sect could sit at a municipal council.

Dragoons were quartered on those householders who refused to be converted; and the brutal conduct of these licentious troopers, domiciled in peaceful home where wives and daughters were at their mercy, wrought speedy "conversions." Husbands and fathers became hypocrites to save their loved ones from unbearable conditions.

The Jesuits, Lamormain and Weingartner, thus hit upon an effective measure in Germany which other Jesuits, long afterwards, persuaded Louis XIV. to imitate in France.

In 1624, Prince Lichtenstein promulgated the atrocious decrees already mentioned; and, in order that no dissenter should escape, disguised emissaries were sent into the towns, on market days, to mingle with the peasants, pick quarrels, create a tumult, and give the troopers an excuse for a massacre of the unarmed people.

"Let us," says Michiels, "imagine one of these hideous scenes: troops suddenly and ferociously falling upon unarmed agriculturists and citizens, in the midst of their peaceful avocations; men, women and children killed; the merchandise scattered over the ground, and covered with blood; the cries of horror, the fugitives, the curses, and the vain resistance of the braver among them; the despair of the mothers, the groans of the dying; and then a funereal silence, a square desolate and gloomy, dead bodies piled upon the ground, and the last victims writhing convulsively in their agony!"

On July 21st, 1627, all dissenters were banished from Bohemia and Austria: all who would join the Catholic church might keep their estates, otherwise they must sell to Catholics and leave the country.

As the aristocrats were those who owned these landed estates, this virtual confiscation by forced sale brought vast spoil to the Jesuits and to the parvenus that stood near those in power.

In fact, the old nobility was almost entirely supplanted by a new order, the ancient houses being stripped, and the new enriched. For example, it was in this manner that Wallenstein acquired the enormous wealth which enabled him to maintain an army, and to live more splendidly than any of the Cæsars had ever done.

The children of such nobles as held out against the Jesuits were taken from their parents, locked up in monastic institutions, and given Jesuit teachers. Even adolescent girls were given into the keeping of these unmarried priests!

Those children who had property became the unwilling wards of Catholic guardians, and the guardians made the most of their seductive opportunities.

"Young, delicate, and timid women, adorned by all the graces bestowed by education were abandoned without a check to the most hypocritical and sensual of men. Neither tears, prayers, nor flight could save them from outrage, and the assassins of their relatives" (who coveted their estates) "gained an easy victory over their weakness."

"As for the young men, the English language will not allow us to describe the treatment to which they were exposed. When the Jesuits had expelled the Protestant pastors, they divided their livings among themselves; but not being sufficiently numerous to perform the duties, each member of the order held charge of seven or eight parishes. They were, consequently, obliged to summon assistants, who were obtained from Poland, where the Catholic priests had fallen into a state of profound degredation, *and had contracted the most loathsome habits.*

They unblushingly corrupted all the rustic youths."

(Hormayr; Taschenbuch, &c. Cited by Michiels, p. 52.

Driven before the terrible forces of Jesuit persecution, the patricians of the Austrian monarchy fled to North Germany. France. Sweden, Denmark, Brunswick, Hesse, Holland, Transylvania, and Poland. Some even took refuge with the Sultan of Turkey, and found safety in the shadow of the Crescent from the pitiless anti-Christ of the Cross.

Summing up the miseries inflicted upon mankind by these Jesuits, *who started the Thirty Years' War*, the historian says—

"In this way—the building of a commemorative church"—these blind fanatics applauded the inauguration of a St. Bartholomew far more cruel than the first—a Bartholomew that lasted thirty years.

Twenty million human beings murdered, tortured, or proscribed; innumerable families plunged into misery and despair; commerce ruined, fields untilled, a frightful depravation of morals; so many evils and tears, so much blood, were counted as nothing."

Counted as nothing? Not that, but the contrary. They were counted as glorious sacrifices for the re-establishment of Popery, the extirpation of "heresy," the restoration of absolute despotism—a despotism which made it death for any man to think, speak, believe and act, in disobedience of Italian priest and Hapsburg prince.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.)

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# *Prussia*

*Ralph M. Thomson*

*All honor to each ever valiant knight,*
*Who heeds the summons when his country calls,*
*Prepared, in soul, to scale obstructing walls,*
*Or charge the guns on every bristling height!*
*Hail to the sturdy hearts which join the fight—*
*The patriots who leave ancestral halls,*
*Or lowly huts, to brave the cannon balls,*
*Whether their land be in the wrong or right!*

*But in this awful moment, when the sword*
*Of Europe is unsheathed on earth and sea,*
*And countless innocents are suffering—*
*What Prussia needs is not some vain War Lord*
*To lead her hosts, but men of destiny,*
*To save the nation from a mad, mad king!*

### KIRKHAM OF GEORGIA.

Not all the chivalry of the world
Went out with the helmet and coat of mail,
He who can stand in the leaden hail,
Where hissing bolts of battle are hurled
And the air is full of the awful roar
That blows from the bellowing cannon's jaws,
And earth is sodden with human gore—
The dearest blood of brother or friend;—
The man who finds in his heart to bend
In an hour like that, to a fallen foe,
Is one that the wide, wide world should know—
A man framed after some unique plan,
Upheld by a loftier code of laws,
Wherein is written that maxim true,
"The bravest man is the kindest, too!"
For courage and kindness make the man.

Kirkham of Georgia stood that day
Where Sherman's resolute regiments rushed
Up to the flaming parapet's edge,
Their rifles agleam like an icy hedge;
An icy hedge that melted away
In the red-hot flame of the battle-blaze,
And thunderous blows of the cannon brushed
And blew them away to the distant wood;
And there they rallied and turned and stood,
Hid in the war-cloud's sheltering haze.

Over the bayonet-bristled wall
Kirkham of Georgia heard the call
Of a thousand wounded fellow-men.
Only a flitting moment ago
Each was his menacing mortal foe!
Soldierly fellows they were, he knew;
Every man of them tried and true,
For he had seen their keen eyes set
Behind each glittering bayonet,
In all that perilous moment, when,
Like waves on a rock-bound coast they dashed,
And every log of the breast-work splashed
With crimson spray of the battle-gore
Foes of his, they were, now, no more!
But fellow-soldiers perishing there,
Shrivelled with that insatiate thirst,
That strange phenomenon of a wound—
That thirst like the drouth of a soul in hell.
It shrieked and shivered in all the air,
It groaned and writhed on parching ground.
"Water! for God's sake, water!" the first
And the last and the burden of every cry;
"Give me water or I must die!"
Kirkham listened and held his breath;
Then turned to the Captain, standing by
Where men drew water from out a well
And filled from barrels the cool canteens.

"Captain! Listen! You hear that cry?
You know what torture that wild cry means;
I've felt that thirst; nor can I stand
That cry for water; let me go
With canteens filled to the overflow;
Although I go perhaps to my death."
The grim old officer waved his hand,
"You're one of the bravest soldiers, I know;
Go on—to your death, if it must be so.

A deed so kindly, and too, so bold,
Stirs my heart like a tale of old!
Comrades! we lack but the Table Round!
The knightly soul for its head is found."

Then canteen-laden and powder grimed
Kirkham over the breast-work climbed,
In storms of bullets from out the wood
Where legions of keen-eyed enemies stood,
And showers of bullets about him poured,
And even the cannon leap'd and roared.

But the shriek of a shell or a minie-ball,
Could never so loyal a soul appall.
And while the war-storm swept the air,
Kirkham bended him here and there,
Nor thought of the danger, nor stopped to think,
But lavishly poured the blessed drink.
Down parching throats, o'er blood-stained lips,
The cooling dew of the Heavens slips,
And every moistened and loosened tongue
Changed the tune of the song it sung:

"God bless you, Johnny! God bless you, Reb!
Your jacket is wrong, but your heart is right!
No bullet can strike you out of this fight!
Fate cannot weave you into her web!
God bless you, Johnny! God bless you, Reb!
The water sinks to its lowest ebb;
And still there are burning lips that wait.
Go on! Go on! There is no fate
Can harm one hair of your manly head!"
And Kirkham cheerily leap'd and ran
Wherever a thirst cry might him lead;
Back and forth in the battle-field.
Fate held before him a shining shield;
Fit shield, no doubt, for a shining deed!
For foeman, down in the sheltering wood
Let fall to the ground the rifle-breach;
Came forth from each lurking place and stood
And saw, and admired, as brave foes can,
The splendid chivalry of the man.
And murmurs grew into phrased speech;
And phrases into a ringing cheer,
A chorus of plaudits, loud and clear,
That rose and fell, again and again,
The Laudamus of the battle-plain.

O! That was a moment for manly pride!
The mighty armies of either side,
Pausing, awhile, from the work of death
To voice one eloquent, glorying breath,
In words that an echoing world must heed
And mark forever a chivalric deed.

# After the Battle, When France Fought For Italian Rights, Against Austria

(From Bentley's Miscellany)

IT is an old but never thoroughly recognized truth that man in no instance displays greater ingenuity than in the art of destroying human life, and that the most savage beasts of the forest and the desert in their most terrible contests with each other, or against weaker creatures, do not attain nearly such a pitch of ferocity and horror as has been seen during thousands of years in the human butcheries of the battle-fields of the most enlightened and moral nations. How often has it been said that the sight of a battle-field, with all its unmentionable horrors spread over it, must overcome the boldest ambition, the wildest craving for conquest, and the coldest contempt of human life, and at the same time arouse in the man who caused the war an unconquerable horror of any continuation or repetition; but history teaches us that the greatest commander of our age was not turned from his fiendish plans by the terrors that surrounded him in forms innumerable on his retreat from the snows of Russia, but was even able to brood over new campaigns amid the corpses of his recklessly destroyed soldiers.

We may think as unfavorably as we please about the exertions and dubious success of humanitarians, but still the description of a great battle, and even more the description of a field after the battle, with all its consequences, can not but arouse all our human feelings and render us disgusted with war. We felt this ourselves on perusing not long ago a very interesting work by J. Henri Dunant, called *Un Souvenïr de Solferino*. The author was engaged in 1859 in a tour through Upper Italy, and arrived in the vicinity of Solferino at the time when the sanguinary battle that derives its name from that place was about to commence. He followed as a distance the frightful development of the drama, and at its close took a walk over the battle-field and its vicinity: what he saw and experienced there forms the contents of his volume. In our present article we only give a slight sketch from it, which is far from being the most horrible of those contained in it, and yet we apprehend that this description will arouse sufficient sorrow and horror in every unhardened mind.

The first sunbeams of the 25th of June illumined one of the most frightful scenes that could be gazed upon. On all sides the battle-field was strewn with the corpses of men and horses: on the roads, in the ditches, streams, and bushes, on the meadows dead men lay every where around, and the neighborhood of Solferino was overcast with them in the literal sense of the term. The fields were desolated, corn and maize trampled down, the garden and field inclosures destroyed, the meadows plowed up, and every where larger and smaller pools of blood were visible. The villages were deserted, and every where displayed traces of musketry, cannon-balls, rockets, and shells: the walls were torn down by balls which opened wide breaches, the houses were gutted, and the walls, shaken in their foundations, revealed wide rents; the inhabitants, who had been concealed for close on twenty hours, were beginning to leave the cellars one after the other in which they had shut themselves up without light and provisions; their dazed appearance proved the ter-

ror they had been suffering from. In the neighborhood of Solferina, and especially in the churchyard of that village, were piles of muskets, cartouche-boxes, gaiters, shakos, foraging-caps, kepis, belts: in a word, every variety of accoutrement, and among them were torn and blood-stained articles of clothing and broken weapons.

The unfortunate men who were picked up during the day were pale, with pinched features, and utterly exhausted: some, and especially those who were badly mutilated, looked on in apparent unconsciousness; they did not understand what was being said to them, their eyes were fixed on their saviors, but still they were not unsusceptible to their pain. Others were restless: their entire nervous system was shaken, and they quivered convulsively. Those with open wounds, in which gangrene had already set in, were raging with pain: they demanded an end to their sufferings by a quick death, and writhed in the last death-struggle with frightfully contracted features.

At other spots lay wretched beings who had not only been struck by bullets and splinters of shells, but whose limbs had also been crushed or cut off by the wheels of the guns that had been driven over them. The conical musket-balls split the bone in every direction, so that the wound caused by them was extremely dangerous, but the fragments of shell produced equally painful fractures and greater internal injuries. Splinters of every description, pieces of bone, bits of clothing, accoutrements or boots, earth and lumps of lead, rendered the wounds more dangerous through the inflammation they caused, and thus heightened the agony of the wounded men.

The man who walked over this extensive theater of the previous day's action found at every step, and amid an incomparable confusion, inexpressible despair and wretchedness in all its forms.

The want of water constantly became more felt: the ditches were dried up, the troops had at the best only an unhealthy mashy fluid to quench their thirst, and sentries were stationed at every spot where there was a well, with loaded muskets, because the water was to be reserved for the wounded. At Cavriana twenty thousand artillery and cavalry horses were watered for two days at a swamp that contained pestiferous water. Those riderless horses, which ran about the whole night wounded, now dragged themselves up to the groups of other horses, as if they wished to request assistance of them, and they were at times killed with a bullet. One of these noble animals, splendidly caparisoned came up to a French detachment: the portmanteau, which was still securely fastened to the saddle, contained letters and other articles, proving that the horse belonged to the brave Prince von Isenburg. A search was made among the dead, and the Austrian prince was at length found among the dead bodies, wounded and senseless from loss of blood: but the French surgeons succeeded, after great exertion, in recalling him to life, and he was able to return to his family, when the latter, as they had received no news of him, had already put on mourning.

On the faces of many of the dead soldiers an expression of peace was perceptible: it was with those who fell dead at the first shot: but a great many bore traces of the death-struggle, with their stiff outstretched limbs, bodies covered with lead-colored spots, their hands dug into the ground, their mustaches standing up like a brush, and a dark smile playing round their lips and clenched teeth.

Three days and three nights were employed in burying the dead who lay on the field of battle; but on this ex-

tensive plain many were hidden in the ditches and furrows, or concealed by bushes and other irregularities of the ground, and could not be found till afterwards, and all these corpses, as well as the dead horses, had impregnated the atmosphere with poisonous exhalations. In the French army a certain number of men per company was told off to seek and bury the dead, and, as a rule, the men of the same corps did so for their comrades in arms: they recorded the number found on the effects of each slain man, and then, with the help of hired Lombardese peasants, laid the body dressed as it was, in a common pit. Unhappily, it may be assumed that in the haste with which this operation was accomplished, and through the carelessness or callous neglect of these peasants, a living man was now and then interred with the dead. The orders, moneys, watches, letters, and documents found on the person of the officers were removed from the dead, and eventually sent to their families: but, with such a number of corpses as was buried here, it was not always possible to perform this duty faithfully.

A son, the darling of his parents, whom a tender mother had brought up and fostered through many years, and who had been terrified at his slightest attack of illness: a smart officer, beloved by his family, who had left wife and children at home; a young soldier, who had bidden adieu to his bride at home, and all these men who had a mother, sisters, or aged father at home —here they now lay in the mud, in the dust, and bathed in their blood, their masculine handsome faces not to be recognized, for the enemy's bullets or saber had not spared them: they suffered and died, and their bodies, so long the object of affectionate care, now blackened, swollen, and mutilated, were thrown just as they were into a hurriedly dug grave, only covered with a few shovelsful of lime and earth, and the birds of prey will not spare their hands and feet when they peer out through the washing away of the mould. True, the workmen will come again to pile up the earth or erect a wooden cross, but that will be all!

The French hospital staff continued to have the wounded collected, and they were removed to the field lazarettos on mules, in litters, or on cacolets; thence they were transferred to the villages or hamlets nearest to the spot where they had fallen, or had been found. In these villages temporary field hospitals had been made in the churches and convents, in the houses, on the public squares, in court-yards, in the streets and promenades, in short, at every convenient spot. In this way a great number of wounded were provided for at Carpenedolo, Castel Geffredo, Medoli, Guidizzolo, Volta, and all the surrounding villages, but the great majority was at Castiglione, whither the less severely wounded had already crawled on foot.

Thither proceeded a long train of vehicles belonging to the hospital staff, loaded with soldiers, non-commissioned officers, and officers of every grade, and in a strange medley of cavalry, infantry, and artillery; they were all blood-stained, exhausted, ragged, and dusty; then came mules at a smart trot, whose restless movements drew shrieks of pain from the unfortunate sufferers at every step. One had a leg smashed, which seemed almost separated from the body, so that the slightest jolting of the wagon caused him fresh agony; another had his arm broken, and supported it with the other unbroken one, the stick of a Congreve rocket had passed through a corporal's arm, he drew it out himself, and using it as a crutch, attempted to crawl to Castiglione. Many of these wounded died on the road, and their corpses were laid by the side of the road, where they were ultimately buried.

From Castiglione the wounded were

to be removed to the hospitals of Brescia, Cremona, Bergamo, and Milan, where they would find more regular attention, and amputations would be undertaken. As, however, the Austrians in their retreat had seized all the vehicles belonging to the country people, and the French means of transport were not equal to the number of wounded, they were obliged to wait two or three days before they could be carried to Castiglione, which place was already crowded. This whole town was metamorphosed into one spacious improvised hospital, both for French and Austrians; during the Friday the head-quarters lazaretta was prepared here, the lint cases were opened, and apparatus and surgical instruments were got in readiness; the inhabitants readily gave up all the blankets, sheets, paillasses, and mattresses they could spare.

During the 25th, 26th, and 27th, the death-struggles and sufferings were awful. The wounds, rendered worse by the heat, dust, and want of water and attention, constantly grew more painful; mephitic exhalations poisoned the atmosphere, in spite of the laudable exertions of the hospital staff to keep the localities converted into lazarettos in good condition; the growing want of assistants, nurses, and servants grew every moment more evident, for the baggage-trains arriving at Castiglione brought fresh loads of wounded every quarter of an hour. However great was the activity displayed by a surgeon-major, and two or three other persons, who organized the regular transports to Brescia with carts drawn by oxen; however praiseworthy the zeal of the inhabitants of Brescia, who came with vehicles to fetch away the sick and wounded, and to whom the officers were chiefly intrusted, fewer trains left than arrived, and overcrowding was continually augmented.

On the stone floors of the hospitals and convents of Castiglione, people of all nations. French and Arabs, Germans and Sclavons, were laid down side by side; many of the persons temporarily placed in the corner of a chapel had not the strength left to move, or could not stir in the confined space. Curses, imprecations, and yells echoed in the sacred buildings. "Ah, sir, how I am suffering!" one of these wretches said to the author. "We are given up, we are left to die in misery, and yet we fought so bravely." In spite of the fatigue they had endured, in spite of sleepless nights, they could not now enjoy rest; in their desperation they appealed for the help of a surgeon, or struck out wildly around, until tetanus and death put an end to their sufferings.

Although every house had become a lodging for the wounded, and every family had quite enough to do in nursing the officers they had taken in, M. Dunant succeeded, on the following Tuesday morning, in collecting a certain number of women, who did their utmost in helping to nurse the patients; amputations and other operations were no longer the sole object; it was necessary to give food and drink to men who would otherwise die of hunger and thirst, bind up their wounds, or wash their bleeding bodies, which were coated with mud and vermin, and all this must be done amid poisonous exhalations, the cries and moans of the sufferers, and in a stifling heat. The nucleus of such a body of volunteers was soon formed, and the Lombardese women hurried to those who yelled the loudest, although they were not always the worst. M. Dunant, for his part, tried as far as was possible to organize the assastance in that quarter of the town where it was most needed, and took special charge of one of the churches of Castiglione, situated on an eminence on the left hand as you come from Brescia, and called the Chiesa Maggiore. Upwards of five hundred soldiers were collected here, and at the

least one hundred more lay in front of the church, on straw and under clothes, which had been put up to keep off the sunbeams.

The nurserywomen went about from one to the other with their jugs and pails, filled with clean water to quench thirst or moisten wounds. Some of these improvised hospital attendants were pretty young girls; their gentleness and kindness, their sweet sympathizing tear-laden eyes, as well as their attentive care, effected much in, at any rate, raising the moral courage of the patients. The town-boys came and went, carrying watering-pots full of water from the nearest well. This was followed by a distribution of broth and soup, large quantities of which the hospital staff had to supply. Enormous bales of lint were set down here and there, so that every man might take what he wanted, but there was a sad want of bandages, linen, and shirts: the resources of the small town, through which the Austrian army had marched, were so reduced that it was impossible to procure the most trifling articles. Still M. Dunant contrived to obtain some few clean sheets by the help of the worthy women, who brought in all their linen, and on the Monday morning he sent off his coachman to Brescia to procure a fresh stock. He returned a few hours later with the entire carriage loaded with sheets, sponges, linen, ribbons, pins, cigars, and tobacco, camomiles, mallows, elder-flowers, oranges, sugar, and lemons, which rendered it possible to give the wounded a much-desired and refreshing glass of lemonade, to wash their wounds with an extract of mallows, to put on warm poultices, and change the bandages more frequently.

During this time the volunteer corps had been reenforced by several recruits. An old naval officer and two English tourists came into the church through curiosity, and were retained there almost per force; two other Englishmen expressed a wish to assist, and distributed cigars principally among the Austrians. In addition to these, an Italian abbe, three or four curious travelers, a journalist of Paris, who eventually undertook the management of a neighboring church, and, lastly, several officers of the division left in Castiglione, lent a hand in waiting on the patients. One of these officers, however, was soon taken ill through the awful effect of the scenes, and the other volunteers gradually retreated, because they could not endure the sight of these sufferings, which they were so little able to alleviate; the abbe also followed their example, but returned, in order, with a very polite attention, to hold aromatic herbs and smelling-salts under the nose of the workers. A young French tourist affected by the sight of these human remains, suddenly burst into tears; a merchant from Neufchatel during two days bandaged the wounded, and wrote the last letters for the dying to their relatives: it was found necessary for his own sake to moderate his zeal, as well as the sympathizing excitement of a Belgian, which attained such a pitch that fears were entertained lest he should be attacked by fever, as was the case with a sub-lieutenant who came from Milan to join his corps, and was taken ill in the church.

Several soldiers belonging to the division left in the town also expressed their readiness to attend on their comrades, but they, too, were unable to endure a scene which bowed down their moral courage and so greatly excited their imagination. A corporal of the engineers who had been wounded at Magenta, and returned to his corps before he had recovered, having two days of his furlough still left, accompanied M. Dunant to the wounded, and assisted him, although he fainted twice. The purveyor sent to Castiglione at length permitted the convalescent and their Austrian surgeons to wait on the pa-

tients. A German surgeon who had purposely remained on the field of battle in order to bandage his wounded countrymen, offered similar services to the enemy's army, and in recognition of his services he was allowed to rejoin the Austrians at Mantua three days after.

But enough of these horrors. Let us mention in conclusion, however, that the highly respected author adds to his affecting descriptions some very sensible advice as to the better provision for the wounded. We have no space here to enter into this portion of his work, but we confidently recommend it to the attention of all the army and navy surgeons, and trust that the initiative taken by M. Dunant may lead to a fuller investigation of this most important subject. Such information seems to be much needed at the present time in America, if we may believe what we read in the papers about the wounded after the battle of Gettysburg, and which is perhaps only inferior in atrocity to the report given us of the field of Solferino, for which we are indebted to the philanthropy of M. Dunant.

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# Christmas

(From "The Sketch Book" of Washington Irving)

But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good, gray, old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing I cannot have more of him.—Hue and Cry after Christmas.

A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small.
The neighbors were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.

—Old Song.

NOTHING in England exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination, than the lingerings of the holiday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to draw in the May morning of life, when as yet I only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted it: and they bring with them the flavor of those honest days of yore, in which, perhaps, with equal fallacy, I am apt to think the world was more homebred, social, and joyous than at present. I regret to say that they are daily growing more and more faint, being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion. They resemble those picturesque morsels of Gothic architecture, which we see crumbling in various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the waste of ages, and partly lost in the additions and alterations of later days. Poetry, however, clings with cherising fondness about the rural game and holiday revel, from which it has derived so many of its themes—as the ivy winds its rich foilage about the Gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support, by clasping together their tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure.

Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed

and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good-will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose: of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn: earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated: our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart: and we draw our pleasures from deep wells of loving-kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms: and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? and as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

The English, from the great prevalence of rural habit throughout every class of society, have always been fond of those festivals and holidays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life: and they were, in former

days, particularly observant of the religious and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good-fellowship, with which this festival was celebrated. It seemed to throw open every door, and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of castles and manor-houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their ample boards groaned under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly—the cheerful fire glanced its rays through the lattice, inviting the passengers to raise the latch ,and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told Christmas tales.

One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, like the sherris sack of old Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and lustihood, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously: times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation, and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower stream; and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its homebred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manorhouses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlor, but are unfitted to the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa.

Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honors, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement in England. It is gratifying to see that home feeling completely aroused which holds so powerful a place in every English bosom. The preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred; the presents of good cheer passing and repassing, those tokens of regard, and quickeners of kind feelings; the evergreens distributed about houses and churches, emblems of peace and gladness; all these have the most pleasing effect in producing fond associations, and kindling benevolent sympathies. Even the sound of the Waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the midwatches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, "when deep sleep falleth upon man," I have listened with a hushed delight, and, connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good-will to mankind.

How delightfully the imagination, when wrought upon by these moral influences, turns every thing to melody and beauty! The very crowing of the

cock, heard sometimes in the profound repose of the country, "telling the night watches to his feathery dames," was thought by the common people to announce the approach of this sacred festival.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome—then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so glorious is the time."

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart.

The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit; as the Arabaian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

Stranger and sojourner as I am in the land—though for me no social hearth may blaze, no hospitable roof throw open its doors, nor the warm grasp of friendship welcome me at the threshold—yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me. Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.

# An Englishman's Pamphlet On the European War

THE following letter explains itself:

Dear Mr. Watson: As it is very probable that the kindly offices of the United States will be appealed to when the time comes for arranging conditions of peace in Europe, it is of the utmost importance that America should have a clear view of the questions involved. Christian America cannot but be interested in knowing how Christian England thinks about it.

One of the best expressions of Christion sentiment that I have seen is in the enclosed by Mr. F. H. Stead. I have the honor of personally knowing Mr. Stead who is the brother of the late W. T. Stead who lost his life in the "Titanic" disaster. Mr. F. H. Stead was for twenty years associated with his brother in editing the English Review of Reviews and like his famous brother is engaged in all sorts of enterprises for the social uplift of the people. When I asked his permission to seek the reproduction in America of this admirable tract he cordially consented as he fully appreciates the value of American opinion about the terrible war now raging in Europe.

Faithfully yours,

ALFRED E. SEDDON.

European correspondent of the Christian Standard of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The pamphlet to which our friend Seddon refers is given in full for the benefit of our readers:

"England at war with Germany."

These are terrible words. They eat like fire into the heart. Perhaps nowhere has their tragic import been felt more painfully than in the Browning Settlement. The Settlement has stood from the first for Christian Internationalism. The Travel Club, in its annual trips abroad, has become a recognised organ of goodwill among the nations. It has carried the brotherliness of the Settlement repeatedly to France, to Belgium, to Holland and above all, to Germany. It has been most cordially welcomed by the German people. A return call to it in 1908 brought 120 German working men for a week of crowded welcome to London, with hospitable greetings from every grade in the nation. At the request of Labour members, the Settlement arranged, in 1909, a Pilgrimage of Peace without parallel in history, when 20 members of the House of Commons, with 40 relatives and friends, met with the most hospitable and enthusiastic reception from the cities of Duisburg, Dusseldorf, Cologne, Konigswinter, Rudesheim, Frankfort, Homburg, Berlin and Bremen. The present Imperial Chancellor was one of a brilliant company of statesmen who received the pilgrims under the dome of the Reichstag. This tour was completed, also under the guidance of the Settlement, in 1912, when 13 Labour Members of Parliament and 22 other friends were hospitably entertained by the cities of Munich, Stuttgart and Strassburg. These and many other visits exchanged between the Settlement and friends oversea led to a French noblewoman hailing Browning Hall as the centre of "the New International" and to a Lord Mayor of London bidding the Settlement resolutely pursue its International vocation. These facts demand from this journal of the Settlement more than a mere mention of the War. And to be perfectly frank, let me speak for myself and in my own name.

Germany is my second fatherland. As a youth I studied theology in four

German Universities—Halle, Gottingen, Giessen, and Berlin—and formed there some of the dearest friendships which God ever gave me. I owe more than I can calculate or express to the German teachers at whose feet I sat or whose printed wisdom I read. During the last dozen years I have enjoyed the public hospitality of a dozen of the leading cities of Germany. I am a lover of Germany. I love her country, her cities, her schools. I love above all her warm-hearted people. I admire their scientific training, their conscientiousness, and thoroughness. No one could refuse to love them who has been treated by them as they have treated me. This feeling must be shared, if in a lesser degree, by those members of the Settlement that went with me to Germany, as well as by all who met our German visitors and residents here.

So for more than twenty years, in press and on platform, I have stood up for Germany against her traducers. I have not spared the anti-Germans either with pen or tongue. I have helped to dispel the suspicions they tried to foster. Estrangement between the two peoples to say nothing of strife, was to me an intolerable thought.

But now the thought worse than intolerable has become real. Germany, my beloved Germany, is at war with England. She has verified the worst charges of her enemies. She has put her friends to utter shame.

No one can charge me with adopting the immoral principle, "My country right or wrong!" I have not shrunk from denouncing my country, when, misled by evil counsellors, she waged unrighteous war and was guilty of international brigandage. The familiar taunt has often been flung at me—"friend of every country but his own." When I knew her to be in the wrong, I did not spare my native land. As little now can I spare my second fatherland.

The agony of those first days of August I shall never forget. The very intensity of the love I bore to Germany made each new lawless act of hers a fresh stab to the heart. Official Germany stood disclosed as the embodiment of the basest immoralities of the Bismarck tradition. She has been throughout the aggressor, with no visible evidence of ethical justification for her aggression. Her acts suggest that she regards ethics in international affairs as a pure irrelevance. From "the mean war on a weak people" which her ally began, to the attack on brave little Belgium, official Germany has gone deeper and deeper into sin.

The Hague Convention of 1899, to which with other powers Germany set her hand and seal, provides means for the pacific settlement of disputes—appeal to disinterested powers, commission of inquiry, delay of thirty days, etc., to say nothing of arbitration. Germany has moreover accepted the Peace-Plan of the United States, which refers disputes to an International Commission, and postpones hostilities till the Commission has reported. Even Austria excused herself from acting as the Hague Convention suggested, on the plea that Servia did not sign the Convention. But Germany has offered no excuse; she acted throughout as though the Hague Conference had never existed. The provisions which she has signed or accepted for avoiding war she has absolutely ignored.

Of the rights of other States, great as well as small, she has shown an insolent disregard. She allowed her ally, Austria, to demand from little Servia, at the sword's point, terms that were tantamount tot the surrender of national independence. She displayed a like contempt for the sovereign rights of great States in the peremptory demand that Russia should demobilise her forces. It was quite open to Germany to have answered Russia's mobilization with a counter-mobilization without resorting to war. Many other

nations have mobilized to defend their frontiers without declaring war.

The crowning infamy was the German invasion of Belgium. Germany, equally with France and Great Britain, was pledged by treaty to protect as well as to respect the neutrality of the little kingdom. Yet that neutrality she has deliberately and shamelessly violated. Her Imperial Chancellor himself admitted on August 4th, that the protest of Luxemburg and Belgium was "just," and that Germany was doing "wrong" and acting "contrary to the dictates of international law." The only excuse he offered was "necessity—necessity that knows no law." Milton's words recur to mind—

So spake the fiend, and with necessity
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

The plea was entirely false. If Luxemburg had belonged to Great Britain and Belgium to the United States, Germany would never have dreamed of any "necessity" driving her through these territories. It was the weakness of Belgium, not the necessity of Germany, that decided the latter to take the lawless course. As the German Secretary of State frankly confessed "they had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way." Germany would not meet her enemy face to face on his front doorstep; she would sneak through the back door of a weak neighbour to gain a burglar's advantage over him!

Perhaps the depth of moral degredation to which official Germany has sunk was shown most clearly in the seemingly utter inability of the German Chancellor to understand that any importance attached to a mere treaty! "Neutrality" to him was a "word in war time often disregarded;" surely surely we would never think of fighting Germany for the sake of "scraps of paper." So the responsible Minister of the "most cultured" nation on earth describes the solemnest obligations to which a nation can bind itself by treaty.

The name of God is often on the lips of official Germany; but the god she really believes in is the Moloch of brute force. She laughs at the sentimental fools who fancy that Right is a greater power than Might. With her unctuous appeals to Deity nothing short of the inspired invective of Amos and Isaiah could justly deal. Her behaviour and policy combine to form one of the most flagrant instances this generation has witnessed of the moral negation of God.

What was England to do in the face of this frightful spectacle? To those of us who had been lifelong pioneers and propagandists of peace, who had been entrusted with some share in the movement which only last year found enduring expression in the opening of the Palace of Peace at the Hague, the thought of war was utterly hateful. Shall England fight? or shall England stand aside?—the problem was torture alike to reason and conscience. Yet it had to be faced. Which policy was the greater wrong? What was our duty?

The path seems plain now. But to hew it out through a black forest of opposing duties—that cost the agony.

The Ideal before us is clear enough—the abolition of all war, the establishment of permanent and universal peace. That is beyond all doubt given us in the revealed Will of God. And the chief fact pointing toward this ideal is the periodically assembling Hague Conference, with its Courts of arbitration. The fact most flagrantly opposed to the ideal is modern militarism with its millions trained for mutual slaughter, and Germany now hurling them right and left against peaceful neighbours. But if ever the peace of the world is to be established at the Hague, it must rest on one secure basis, and that basis is the irre-

fragable sanctity of international agreements, and above all of international guarantees of neutrality. One of the great hopes cherished for the steady elimination of war is the progressive extension of internationalised areas. As more and more lands are guaranteed to be immune from war by the Parliament of Man assembled at the Hague, the world will advance the more certainly to the goal of settled peace. Whatever tends to make guaranteed neutrality insecure, still more whatever regards these guarantees as mere paper to be torn asunder at the will of the stronger, is the most deadly enemy to the cause of peace. I had long forseen that as the network of neutralisations was woven more widely the time would come when the lawless elements in the international situation would try to break loose, and that an overpowering demonstration of physical force would be necessary to "keep the fretful realms in awe." I always hoped that the display of force would be sufficient; that a great and practically irresistible League of Peace might put itself behind the judgments and the conventions of the Hague. Yet if the lawless ones disregard the display of force, then unless the whole work of the Hague were to be rendered futile, the force would have to be applied. This crucial moment has arrived far earlier than I had expected; and the crisis is forced, alas! not by barbarous hordes but by the best instructed nation on the face of the earth—by Germany! She has showed her determination to tear up treaties and to violate guarantees of neutrality without regard to anything but physical force. She is the very apocalypse of Lawlessness. Was she to be allowed to go on her lawless course unchecked? and were we, pledged guardian with her of the neutrality of Belgium, to become lawless too? Were we to prove ourselves as faithless by inaction as Germany by action? Would not our passive acquiescence in the German crime help to make all that the Hague stands for entirely impracticable? Would we not be rejecting and flouting the great opportunity and invitation which Providence has given us in the Hague?

Two alternatives present themselves. We can adopt Christian Anarchism, of the Tolstoyan type, in which there would be no coercive action, no resistance offered to violence of any kind, even that of the ravisher; no army, no navy, no police, no compulsion of man by man. This is an arguable position. It has much to say for itself. It will have more to say for itself as the world advances nearer to the Sermon on the Mount and to the Kingdom of God. It is consistent and can be respected. To stop short of that and say 'To use the truncheon of the constable is Christian, but to use the bayonet of the soldier is not Christian,' is to my mind inconsequent in logic and morals.

If we decline to accept Christian Anarchism with all its consequences, if we believe nations are here not without the ordering Will of God, if we believe that The Hague expresses a real purpose in the mind of God, then we must try to make that purpose effective. We must vindicate in the teeth of the greatest War-lord in the world the sanctity of treaties and the inviolability of neutralised States. We must stop Germany. The path to The Hague and universal peace lies over prostrate Napoleonism. To further, within existing conditions, the Divine Purpose of Peace we must fight Germany. That is the one and only duty open to those who shrink from the logical extreme of Christian Anarchism.

A German friend writes me, "If France had violated Belgian neutrality, would you have fought France?" I answer, "We should have been equally bound to fight." But the essential fact is that France did not violate, and Germany did violate. I have no love for "secret diplomacy," or

for understandings that imply responsibility in the very act of disavowing it. But it is not for any secret diplomacy that England fights. Still less does she fight for envy of German greatness.

But if fight we must, let us fight with peace in our hearts. We have the fine and difficult moral problem to solve of fighting with love—pained, indignant love, if you will—but still love for our German brothers. Let us remember the Germans whom we have welcomed, who have welcomed us, to cordial hospitalities. Let us think of the Germans who have bowed with us in the Hour of Prayer and have shared with us the service of the poor. And when we hear of many thousands Germans being slain, or sunk under the wave, let us beware of chortling with vindictive joy; let us think that among them are numbers like the Germans we have cherished in the Settlement, true Christian comrades and brothers. Then all gloating will cease.

Let us to these ends carefully distinguish between the gentle, peace-loving people of Germany and the Prussian military caste which now rules her to her undoing. We have had evil rulers who dragged us into unjust wars and into "methods of barbarism." When we had our chance we broke them and drove them from the seats of power. The German people will have their chance too, and then there will be a change. The truculent Prussian barbarism that the Zabern incident revealed was repudiated by the elected representatives of the German people; just as before long we may hope the German people will repudiate what is at present being done in its name. England, in fighting against the Prussian military caste now in power, is really fighting the battle of the German people. A crushing defeat of the German forces by land and sea would be, next to prayer, the most direct assistance we can now render towards the freeing of our German brothers from the yoke of militarism. Professor Ragaz writes us that he believes this war will be the downfall of militarism. Let us fight as the liberators, not as the haters of Germany.

For more than 60 years the people of Prussia have been struggling to obtain a constitution under which they could govern themselves. They have been baffled by the leagued force of their military and plutocratic oppressors. If only the Prussian Parliament had represented the Prussian people and not a small group of highly propertied classes, it would not have been, as it has been, the citadel of reaction in Europe, and there would now be no war. My hope is that one of the results of this war will be to give the people what they have so long vainly tried to win for themselves. I hope, too, that a responsible government will be secured for the Reichstag. At present the German Government can remain in power in defiance of the majority of elected representatives of the German people. If only the Government reflected the will of the people, Germany would be the peacemaker, not the peace-breaker, of Europe.

My earnest desire is that the war now raging will not merely be a successful endeavor to repel invasion, and that its chief concern will not be the keeping or changing of frontiers. It is already much more than that. It is a war of Democracy against Absolutism. My hope is that the three democracies of the West—Belgian, British, and French—will make clear that their embattled manhood is marching to liberate the German democracy. Already the spirit of democracy which is leading the Allies has inspired Russia to promise union and freedom to the whole of Poland. It is not too much to hope that after this war Russia will rank among the democratic powers of the world. Competent observers re-

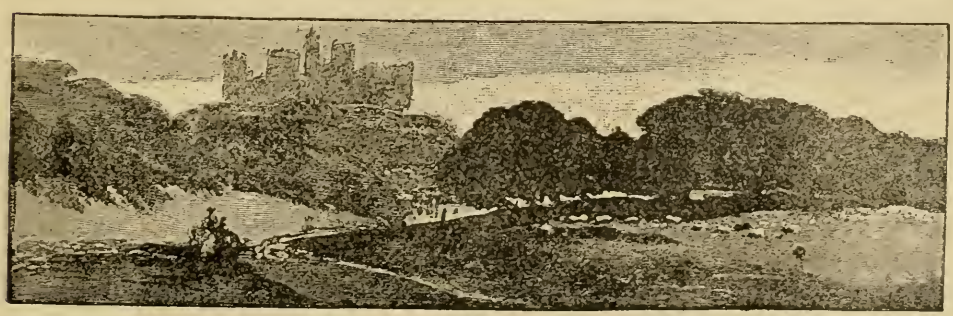
port that her old bureaucracy, modelled on Prussian lines, is on the wane.

The international organism is at present suffering from the cancerous growth of Prussian Napoleonism. It seems that England along with other surgeons has been called in by Providence to perform the critical operation of cutting out the cancer. Let us set to work as surgeons, not as savages. As the surgeon operating on an individual does not howl with delight or go mafficking at every successful movement of his knife, or gloat over the blood that is shed, but pursues his difficult and it may be dangerous work with firmness, skill, and kind thought for the patient, so should we, as God's surgeons, perform our disagreeable duty on the body politic of our German kinsmen. The cynic will smile at this "counsel of perfection." But it is a perfection we must strive after alike in the bitterness of defeat and in the elation of victory.

England has begun the war in a noble spirit of self-repression and self-sacrifice. Probably no war ever commenced with such thoughtful provision and loving care for the needs of the poor. The cause is perhaps the noblest for which any war could be waged—the vindication of the only basis of settled peace. We must keep our souls at the level at which we have started. We want so to conduct it that when it is over there will be the smallest legacy of hatred and the readiest invitation to love. We may hope for a signal revelation of the healing grace of God if we wage this war in the spirit of the Christian surgeon.

Even "through the thick darkness God's Kingdom is hastening." Already out of the evil great good has come. The Kaiser's lawlessness has united Ireland, has brought all classes and parties together as they have never been brought together before, and promises to unify the British Empire. It may do much to unify even the whole English speaking race. It gives already the promise of a democratized Prussia, and of a liberated Germany. The Allies, if victorious, should form with the United States and all the minor Powers the long-desired League of Peace to suppress war, to insist on all disputes being referred to the Hague and to support the decisions of the Hague Tribunal with combined economic and, if need be, fighting force.

We have a terrible ordeal before us, but if we go through it in the spirit of resolute brotherhood the chastening will be for our good and the good of mankind. "The Lord reigneth; let the peoples tremble." "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."



# The Carnegie Library, Nashville, Tenn., Outlaws Watson's Magazine. Why?

Florent D. Jaudon

A RECENT article in Watson's Magazine mentions a time when the Catholic Church "had not established their censorship over the press and public libraries." They have over the Carnegie Library in Nashville. Watson's Magazine once could be found there. Its president, directors and librarian, Catholic and Jewish, have declared it "scandalous," and put it under the ban. Its shelves are loaded with Catholic literature, cunningly, insidiously, and at times boldly asserting it is the *only church*, and that its intent is to destroy all others. A prominent Methodist, on learning your Magazine was prohibited, said this public library was established so all sides could be heard.

Your publications constantly go through the mails without let or hindrance, with full knowledge of Postmaster-General Burleson, although Catholics have done their worst to keep them out, he thereby declaring them not "scandalous," although the Carnegie autocracy says they are.

Though a Federal grand jury and a servile District Attorney have by an indictment declared them too "obscene" to go through the mails, the Postmaster-General by his act says he finds nothing "obscene" in them. Mr. Burleson evidently is not biased, while the Carnegie management is influenced by local prejudices. Mr. Burleson, from the high official position he holds, is right—he could not be prejudiced.

And what have these self-constituted arbiters to back them in their decision? Every man is declared innocent until his guilt is established by evidence for and against him at the verdict of a petit jury. Has Mr. Watson been so adjudged? He has not, and until then he is not guilty. It may be assumed that when this is shown that Mr. Burleson will exclude his publications from the mails.

The following is cited to show that the Carnegie directors, president and librarian were influenced, directly or indirectly, by the dislike of the Catholics and Jews of Nashville as well as those of the entire United States, for if you arouse their hatred in one section it extends to all sections. The influence of the Catholics and Jews in Nashville, as well as that of the Knights of Columbus as a Catholic organization, politically, commercially and socially is not insignificant.

### THE LEO FRANK CASE AND THE JEWS.

The Jew Zibart Bros. in Nashville run a number of news-stands, furnish the Carnegie Library with periodicals at cut rates. Watson's Magazine *was* one of them, but is no longer—why? They kept it in stock long before they barred it from their stands, for months when it was scoring the Catholics, so this could not be the reason for cutting it out. They kept it until the violator and murderer of little Mary Phagan was declared guilty. After the grand jury had indicted him, the petit jury found him guilty, Judge Hill had refused him a new trial, the Supreme Court had affirmed the sentence, the Governor had refused to pardon him or commute his punishment, then the Jews of the country let loose their wrath on Mr. Dorsey, who so ably represented the State, on the juries and all the other officials named. The Atlanta papers made no defense of these representatives of the State, then be-

cause Tom Watson did so editorially, justly and with proper vigor, he got the combined hatred of the Jews—the Zibart Bros. took their petty spite out on him by not handling his Magazine.

### ATTEMPTS OF WILLIAM JACKASS BURNS TO DEFEAT JUSTICE.

Leo Frank was defended by competent lawyers, Jewish money was used unscrupulously to acquit him; the notorious detective Burns used that Jew money to get perjured testimony during the trial, to secure him a new trial, then in the attempt to obtain it in an extraordinary motion for another trial. The Jews must have known Burns was using their money in this manner, this Burns who had to flee from Atlanta to escape lynching for his scoundrelly attempt to save Leo Frank's neck; is not allowed to act as detective in Atlanta, was dropped from the National Detective Association on account of his base, inhuman conduct in the Frank case.

### ROMAN CATHOLIC INQUISITION AT WORK.

The Catholics of the whole nation have done all they could to wreck Watson editorially, in business, to put him in the penitentiary; would they not in Nashville do the same by using their influence directly or indirectly with the Carnegie Library management to bar Watson's Magazine from it? This is plain, undeniable logic, reason.

This is used to show that the Catholics of Nashville have urged its exclusion.

Zibart Bros. have an intelligent, educated Catholic clerk, who has no alliance with them in their religious views, is a very strict Catholic, who has declared yours was a "scandalous magazine, ought to have been barred from the library, and its president, directors and librarian were perfectly justified in droping it." As he declared this, is it not reasonable to declare that all Catholics of Nashville, led by its priests, were aligned with the Zibart Bros.' Catholic clerk? These facts put the Protestants of the Carnegie management on trial for the exclusion of Watson's Magazine!

### ROMANISTS AGAINST THE BIBLE.

The writer was born within hearing of the bells of the first Catholic nunnery in the United States, founded in 1812, by Mother Seton. He remembers when no Catholic layman was allowed to read or have a Bible in his home; when the pope and priests denounced all secret societies, except their unnatural one, The Confessional; when they were bitter foes of the Masonic order, excommunicated a Catholic that joined it; were positive enemies of public schools, and are still.

The Protestants teach that the only good citizen is an educated, intelligent one. Their bishops believe that only God is infallible, can forgive sins; that free schools are the true basis of a nation, that in free use by all its citizens of their minds alone will insure freedom, that no one can give his conscience into another's keeping, that he must directly answer to God for his conduct. Forgiveness of sins by an individual, the assumption that anyone but God can pardon, Protestants rightly hold as not only absurd, but impious and sacrilegious. The dignitaries of the Protestant church do not allow their feet to be kissed—because it is the proof of abject servility on the part of him who does it, and brazen assumption, shamelessness by him that allows it. Christ's were never kissed save by his mother in his babyhood—they were washed in Mary Magdalene's tears, dried by her hair. The Catholic church joins in a reform only when it has to; its Confessional pretends to free from past sins, is a refuge from those to come. The world has known many fallible popes, it has known but one Christ. All popes have been but

examples of ambitious vanity, of dictatorial spiritual egotism. The depravity of no small number of popes is historic, even by the so-called Fathers of the Catholic church admitted. Every pope comes into the world exactly as does the Hottentot babe, by the sore travail of its mother. Is at birth mentally and bodily defective as all are; the elements have not been disturbed at any pope's birth nor at his death, yet he claims to be co-equal with Christ, infallible! Each pope claims to have the same characteristics as Christ, is in direct communication with the Creator, has a wireless to Heaven!

### WHY HAVE PROTESTANTS CEASED TO PROTEST AGAINST POPERY?

We have three large Protestant publishing houses in Nashville, the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian and not one of them publishes a word against the Catholic designs to destroy their church, the attempt to bring the President under their control, his Cabinet, Congress, the Navy and Army! Their presses are muzzled! In defense of true Christianity they are dumb. They say Tom Watson's Magazine, by their silence, is "scandalous," while tens of thousands of lay Protestants declare he is doing noble, true Christian work! The Protestants who disapprove of his defense of Protestantism, would have denounced Martin Luther for his condemnation of the priesthood, of the pope, and should be in the Catholic church, acknowledging their sins to the priests in the Confessionals, kissing the Pope's feet.

### THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

Christ did not shut His lips upon the idolators of his time, worshippers of the Money God! The devil took Him upon a mountain, showed Him all the kingdoms of the world, their glory, said to Him, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." What was Christ's answer? "Get thee hence, Satan!" What did He say to Tyre, Sidon and Capernaum? "Thou shalt go down into Hades." He said this, "Thou offspring of vipers, how can ye being evil, speak good things." Did He use these words? "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign. This people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed." Was He ever sparing in his words when demanded? He called the Scribes and Pharisees, "Ye hypocrites. Let them alone; they are blind guides." Did he not "Cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money changers?" and tell them, "Ye make it a den of thieves." He said to the "Chief priests," "the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." He said of the Pharisees, "All their works they do to be seen of men; for they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments ,and love the chief place at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues." Does this not fit the display like a glove when we look at Pope Benedict ascending, and on the pontifical throne! "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees," said Jesus, "hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is become so, ye make him two fold more a son of hell than yourselves." "Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which outwardly appear, beautiful but inwardly are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

Tom Watson has but followed Christ in the use of language; if he is "scandalous," Jesus is also—Martin Luther and Calvin were not choice in the use of words in denouncing the Catholic church in their day, and Tom Watson can cite them as authority for anything he may say of that church today.

# Editorial Notes and Clippings

IF you have not read the poem which makes our frontispiece, pause here and do so. Leigh Hunt calls it "the most pathetic ballad that was ever written."

Just one hundred years ago, Leigh Hunt was in a London goal, serving a two-year term for having been enough of a democrat and free lance to ridicule the Prince Regent of England and infuriate the Tories.

A court sycophant of that day having described the Prince Regent as "an Adonis in loveliness," Leigh Hunt reminded mankind that the Prince was a fat man of fifty.

Hence the celebrated case of "The Prince of Wales vs. John and Leigh Hunt,"—John being the publisher of Leigh Hunt's offensive effusions.

The whole power of the Tory government was exerted against the brothers, and the case cost them two thousand pounds sterling ($10,000) *and cut two years of liberty out of their lives!*

After his release from prison, Hunt, almost in a dying condition, went to Italy, where he and Lord Byron published a magazine known as *The Liberal*. It was a failure. Byron embarked in the war for Greek independence, and died amid wretched, discouraging conditions at Missilonghi. Poor Hunt, desperately pursued by debts and necessities, made back into England, resuming his life as literary drudge. Some of the most charming compositions that now delight the world, flowed from his pen as he daily wrote for bread.

Prose, poetry, fiction, translations, original biographies, reviews; essays, political, literary and miscellaneous—hardly any chord in light literature was left untouched by this versatile, inexhaustible and indefatigable little man.

It is a genuine pleasure to record the fact that he never apostacized, never truckled to power, and never wrote somebody else's opinions for pay, place or popularity.

It is also pleasant to record the fact that when the Tories were overthrown, Leigh Hunt's immense services to liberal principles were recognized, and the old soldier of the pen was taken care of by the Whigs. He died, late in 1859. There are not many volumes more variedly rich and original than the "*Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist*," of the Chandos Classics.

The editor of the oldest paper in America—*The Courant*, of Hartford, Conn.—says that "in politics and the policy of the State, President Wilson and George III. of England are two of the same kind."

Is this statement wide of the mark? King George III. strove for *personal* government. He used patronage, money, court-favor, and personal intrigue to bend ministers and Parliaments to his will.

Does that cap fit the skull of our lanky Pharisee, Woodrow Wilson?

His partisans will find difficulty in demonstrating that it does not.

It was while the personal government of George III. was still supreme, that Leigh Hunt was thrown into jail for contempt of the Prince Regent—the bigamist who afterwards wore the name of King George IV.

A few days ago, the newspapers carried an item to the effect that the U. S. Government had imprisoned David Wilson, of Missouri, for the high crime and misdemeanor of having written a letter to the President's daughter *proposing marriage!*

Since when, has it become penal to propose the joyful bands of wedlock to a young and attractive marriageable lady?

Of course, if the lady were as old as her new brother-in-law, Mr. McAdoo, and the impertinent David Wilson were a sweet Society bud of sixteen, it would be different.

But, as yet, nothing has appeared which negatives the presumption that David Wilson is quite a mature and respectable person.

At any rate, I'd like to be told what statute David violated, when he wrote to Miss Margaret Wilson, inviting that elegant and most winsome lady to join him in a little trip to the hymeneal altar—the necessary starting point for the walk on the Long Path.

If President Wilson should take it into his narrow head to write a poem, say "A Song to Aegir," and I should have a poor opinion of it—which is vehemently probable—and should express that opinion in this magazine, he would have just as much right to order me to jail, incontinently and without bail, as he did to jug David Wilson.

Hoots! Toots! One must be careful. The German Kaiser's Me-and-Godism seems contagious.

The U. S. Army occupying Vera Cruz in the course of the Dove-of-Peace efforts to secure a salute to our flag, is costing us $3,500,000 a month more than it would cost if we had no such ultra-pacific Administration in power.

To pay this extra expense, and to meet the other extravagances into which this pledged-to-economy regime has plunged us, the President and his son-in-law McAdoo were almost inclined to draw out of their pet banks the $78.000.000 they were using at 2 per cent interest.

The pet banks have become so accustomed to using public money in their private business, and the common people are so accustomed to the abuses of Government, that Wilson and his son-in-law decided to let the public money remain in the private business of the pet banks, and to make up the required sum needed in the Treasury by putting another load of taxes on the unprivileged masses.

*No other government in the world taxes the people, puts the money in the public treasury, AND THEN ALLOWS A FEW FAVORITES TO USE IT IS A SOURCE OF PRIVATE GAIN.*

When the Nicaraguan Canal route was suddenly abandoned, and the Panama route was chosen, the country was told the cost of the ditch would not exceed $145,000,000. It is possible that some people believed the statement. Those who made it could hardly have done so. Thus far, the work has called for about $400,000,000, and the slides that are continually blocking the cuts will call for additional millions, year after year.

Besides, the Panama route has involved us in the matter of Colombia, and Mr. Bryan has agreed to pay to the Roman Catholics of that republic $25,000,000 by way of indemnity for the loss of the seceding State of Panama. It makes no difference to Colombia, or to Mr. Bryan, that the State of Panama, when acceding to the Republic of Colombia, expressly reserved the right to secede. Colombia wants the money, and Bryan wants the Catholic vote, and hence we have the $25,000,000 to pay.

*What connection has Richard Metcalfe had with this Panama-Colombian job?*

Richard Metcalfe was the manager of Bryan's paper, The Commoner. He was never in the Federal service before, *unless he is the same man who was in the post-office industry in Missouri, and was convicted of a crime against the Government.*

It created a sensation when Bryan insisted upon the appointment of his business manager as Governor of the Panama Canal Zone at a salary of $14,000 a year. Soon after Richard Met-

calfe had seated himself comfortably in the saddle down there, we began to hear of this rotten Colombian treaty. We began to learn that we were to pay for Panama's withdrawal from the Republic of Colombia. Coming as it did after we had supposed that we had settled in full for the Canal Zone, this $25,000,000 touch was a painful surprise.

Has Richard Metcalfe any connection with it? Who are the lobbyists that are behind *this* grab? We know enough to be morally certain who got the loot in the Cromwell-Varilla raid, when we paid those boodlers $40,000,000 for the old French junk that was decaying amid the swamps of Panama.

But what William Nelson Cromwell is back of the Secretary of State *this* time?

What Bunau-Varilla is manipulating the wires in the Colombian steal?

The State of Panama was independent of the Republic of Colombia. All the land, water, rivers, lakes, harbors, &c., of Panama belonged of course to Panama. Colombia invited her Roman Catholic neighbor to enter her confederation, saying by way of further inducement, "You can withdraw if ever you become dissatisfied. If you should go out of our Confederation, you will carry all the rights and properties that you brought into it."

Such is in substance the written agreement under which Panama went into the Colombian Republic.

A few years ago, Panama went out of the confederation: let us concede that the U. S. Government urged her to do it, and helped her to do it.

The question still exists, what right has Colombia to demand indemnity when Panama took nothing out of the union that she had not carried into it?

The Canal Zone never did belong to Colombia. It was always the property of Panama. We have paid Panama for what we use, and Panama is satisfied.

Shall we pay twice for the same property?

*Mr. Bryan says that we must.*

Bryan is no lawyer, and not much of anything else; and, in the State department, he has done nothing but muddle and muddy.

When he confronts the people with the Colombian job in the elections of 1916, he will discover that the country is not prepared to condone *another* Cromwell-Varilla raid on the Treasury.

The present Prisoner of the Vatican is named (English form) James Meetinghouse, or James Small-church, as distinguished from James Cathedral. Papa's given name in Italian being Giacomo, it is James in our language. His sur-name being Chiesa in Italian, it is Church in English. Now in Europe, the big meeting house of the religious is invariably known as the cathedral. Only the smaller buildings go by the name of church.

Strictly speaking, therefore, the new Italian God-on-earth is Mr. James Meetinghouse.

Familiarly, you might refer to him as Papa Jimmie Church.

Judging from his pictures, I think he may be a right decent old man. What the Jesuits, the Curia and the other secret societies of Rome *may do in his name*, while he poses helplessly as the Papa. is another question.

The Prisoner of the Vatican dwells in a palace that contains more than a thousand rooms. The finest marbles compose his staircases, his floors, his arcades. The finest paintings adorn his walls. The finest statuary embellishes his gardens. The finest food and wine and raiment are his; and the music, the flowers, the trees, the fountains, the books that are prepared for his pleasure are not surpassed in any earthly elysian.

The Prisoner of the Vatican is the

only Captive known to history who enjoys a little army of soldiers, all his own, commanded by gorgeously bedecked officers drawn from the noblest flunkey families in Rome.

The Papa of the Vatican is the only captive known to human ken that has 1,160 elegantly arrayed servants to minister to his needs. Among his personal attendants in this palatial prison are 20 higher-stewards, 10 lesser stewards, 366 chamberlains, 22 private secretaries, 197 priests and prelates, 44 officers of the Guard, 50 ushers to show footkissers into the prison. Besides, there are soldiers, equerries, supernumeries, &c., &c.

No king the world has ever supported lived in more luxury and splendor than this Prisoner of the Vatican whose taxes are laid with serene impartiality on the rich and the poor, taking their tribute from the monarch on his throne, and from the peasant in his hut; from the robber who has been successful, and from the Magdalen who has sinned; from the usurer who grinds the poor, and from the washerwoman slaving at her tub.

"America" is the name of a Jesuit magazine published in New York City, R. H. Tierney being its Editor.

Rev. Tierney was a member of the delegation that was sent to Washington to demand protection for the Spanish priests of Mexico. In *that* case, Tierney, Gibbons, Schrembs, and Bonzano are insisting upon freedom of religion.

But in Tierney's own magazine—which must be regularly read by other Jesuits, such as Gibbons, Tumulty, &c. —there appeared not long ago an account of how a Protestant sailor was assaulted and beaten by the Roman Catholic crew, on board one of our battle-ships.

Who wrote the story and sent it for boastful publication in this Jesuit magazine?

*The Roman Catholic chaplain of the vessel did it!*

This chaplain is paid out of *the taxes of Protestants.*

He was selected by a Government which is supposed to be Protestant. He is supposed to be a man of religion, of piety, of Christian peaceableness. Yet he gloated over the brutal battery which the Catholic majority on the ship inflicted upon the lone Protestant.

Instead of deploring the incident, he was so glad of it that he rushed into print to tell other Jesuits what had happened.

*And Tierney, who now demands toleration for Jesuits in Mexico, was so exultant over the chaplain's letter, that he put it in a prominent place in his magazine.*

Why did the Romanists on board the battle-ship assault the Protestant sailor?

*Because he suggested that the crew subscribe to a Protestant newspaper!*

The chaplain himself states, in "America," that the Catholic sailors beat up the Protestant because of that suggestion.

When I read the chaplain's letter, it seemed to me such an infamous thing for this chaplain—this man of God and peace—to be writing boastfully of the outrage which had been committed on the Protestant, that I laid the facts before the Democratic Secretary of the Navy, *sending him the copy of the Jesuit Magazine.* Hon. Josephus Daniels hails from North Carolina, the region in which the Protestants of France found asylum when the Roman Catholics were hunting them out like wild beasts.

I thought that if any officer of the Government would feel indignant at the chaplain and at the Catholic sailors who had persecuted the Protestant on a U. S. war-vessel, it would be the Cabinet officer from North Carolina.

Was I right in thinking so? Not at all.

*Josephus Daniels waved the incident aside, as unworthy of notice!*

My letter to the Secretary was as follows:

Thomson, Ga., Sept. 30, 1914.
HONORABLE JOSEPHUS DANIELS,
Secretary of the Navy,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: I beg leave to call your attention to an article contributed by a Naval Chaplain to the Jesuit magazine known as "America," published in New York City. A copy of the magazine is enclosed.

You will observe that the editor of the magazine gives the article the prominence of an editorial.

After having sufficiently disclosed the fact that *everyone on board the battleship is compelled, as a matter of discipline, to attend the Roman Catholic worship*, and having exultingly mentioned the fact that during the hour of service the pope's flag is elevated above that of the Republic, the chaplain proceeds to state with manifest satisfaction and approval, *that one of the crew who suggested a subscription to a non-Roman Catholic magazine*, or anti-Roman Catholic paper, *was set upon by the Roman Catholic members of the crew and subjected to personal violence.*

This holy chaplain of a church whose history reeks with the blood of those it has slain in the name of the Christ, not only expresses his own delight at the assault and battery committed upon this non-Catholic member of the crew, but in communicating the facts to the leading Jesuit magazine in the United States, reveals his desire that the Catholics of America generally, shall be encouraged by the knowledge that Roman Catholics suppress any evidences of Protestantism in the crews of our battle-ships, where they are able to do it.

The letter of this chaplain gathers significance from the fact that *the editor of this magazine virtually adopts its arrogant and intolerant tone, by the prominence he has given it.*

Respectfully your attention is called to several considerations in reference to this amazing letter of one of your chaplains.

First. Apparently our great principle of *religious liberty is trampled under foot by this Roman Catholic chaplain.* Men are compelled to attend what we regard as an utterly absurd paganistic and unscriptural mode of worship, to-wit: the mass, which, stripped of ecclesiastic phraseology, means that wine and bread are transferred into the flesh and blood of Divinity by a dozen words in a dead language.

When this new law (about the chaplains) was proposed by Cardinal Gibbons and the papal lobbyist, O'Hearn, Congressman Tribble of Georgia, protested that it left no option to the men of the vessels, *but compelled them to attend a worship which might be abhorrent to their souls.* I respectfully ask: *under what theory of Republican government are these popish chaplains allowed to violate the great principle of religious liberty?*

Second. Will no cognizance be taken of the fact that the Roman Catholic majority on board a war vessel committed an act of personal violence upon one of the crew, for no other reason than that he suggested a subscription to an anti-Roman Catholic periodical which is legal, and sanctioned by the postoffice authorities of the United States?

Third. *Under the law, you are this man's protector;* an outrage committed upon him is not only an insult to you, but to every American citizen who has any conception of the sacrifices made by our ancestors to win civil and religious freedom.

Are the battleships of this Republic to be made the strongholds of intolerant popery, in which Roman Catholics

with the approval, if not with the encouragement of the chaplains appointed by you, *violate the laws of the land, and trample upon the personal liberty of a non-Roman Catholic member of the crew?*

Fourth. What will be the natural—almost the inevitable consequences, if it should become generally known among Protestants and Roman Catholics, that a Protestant on board a vessel where the Roman Catholics are in the majority, have no rights which the officer in command, the chaplain and the Roman Catholic crew will respect? What will be the effect on future enlistments in the Navy? What effect will it have on future political campaigns? Above all, what will be the tendency of such Roman Catholic intolerance upon the future of our country, where Christians of all denominations are expected to dwell in amity?

Very respectfully,

THOS. E. WATSON.

To this letter of remonstrance and appeal, the Hon. Secretary of the Navy made answer, briefly, to the effect that the flag which was used by the Romish chaplain is not the Papal banner, but is the one used in common by all the chaplains.

But, why should *any* church flag, or any flag dedicated to religious worship be elevated above the Stars and Stripes? *The churches*, throughout our country, are not permitted to haul down the U. S. flag and to run up a church banner in its place. All of us worship under the Stars and Stripes. Why should the Church be put above the State, on board our battle-ships?

Tall oaks from little acorns grow, and this *precedent* of elevating the Church over the State will as certainly grow into something more objectionable *as the whole chaplain graft and tyranny* is certain to breed trouble.

One day in 1840, Daniel Webster and his son Fletcher were driving along a Virginia highway, and Fletcher asked his father, who had lapsed into a long silence, what he was thinking about. Then the intellectual giant, the foremost lawyer at the American bar and the greatest debater that ever used the English tongue, answered—

"I was thinking of an old man, upwards of eighty years of age, whom I met in New Hampshire the other day."

Then Mr. Webster related the story, as the old man told it, of how Captain Ebenezer Webster had been chosen to act as sentinel to General Washington's tent, when the Continental forces were camped on Dorchester Heights, Boston, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. The New Hampshire Captain had attracted the attention of Washington, who entered into conversation with him, "offered him refreshments, and, when he retired, shook him warmly by the hand."

After telling this simple anecdote of his father, Daniel Webster added,

"Fletcher, I should rather have it said upon my father's tombstone that he guarded the person of George Washington, and was worthy of such a trust, than to have emblazoned upon it the proudest insignia of heraldry that the world could give."

*That's* democracy! It is the sort of democracy you find in Robert Burns' "A man's a *man*, for 'a that." It is the democracy of Gray's "Elegy." It is the democracy of the Old Testament. It is the democracy of the Cromwellians who cut off the head of a despicable "Divine Right" bigot, absolutist and break-faith. It is the democracy which kneels to no distinction save that of worth.

I honor Daniel Webster more for that heartfelt saying to his son, in the privacy of a ride on the Virginia turnpike, than I do for his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, or for all the

forensic glory he won in the court-room.

It is easy for me to understand the Scotchman who kneels on the site of the home of William Wallace; easy to understand the Frenchman who is thrilled by the "Marseillaise;" easy to understand the Italian who treasures a relic or a memory of Garibaldi: but it is impossible to understand the men who feel it an honor to kiss the hand of a crowned and sceptred fool, who inherited his kingship from another crowned and sceptred fool, and whose greatest aim in life is to hand down the royal office to a long line of crowned and sceptred fools.

Apply this to the Bourbons, the Romanoffs, the Guelphs, the Savoyards, the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns—and you will get my message.

The poseur is the personage who dresses for a part and acts it, assuming to *be* a great deal more than he *is*. We meet him in private life, and we don't love him.

He is the Capitalist who overawes the community, stares ordinary mortals out of countenance, does you a favor by acknowledging your bow, fills you with a sense of his condescension when he lends you money at usury and accepts Government bonds as collateral. One fine morning, the town wakes up as usual, scans the papers and learns that the Dominating Mogul of Local Finance has pussy-footed to Canada, leaving ten thousand human wrecks tearing their hair in front of his busted Bank.

The poseur in Religious Circles scorns to sit at the lower end of the Church, or in the middle. He must have the Amen-corner. He could not properly exhibit his Piety before his impressed fellow-citizens, if he did not occupy a seat, where he seems to say, by his severely admonitory look and posture, "Now, you common creatures, conduct yourselves humbly, while *my* Parson reminds you of your sins, and exhorts you to the Better Life." Usually that man is the coldest blooded grad-grind in the whole neighborhood, and is as free from the compassionate sympathy of true Christianity, as Pecksniff was from morality. Ten to one, he has a meek, thin, pallid little wisp of a wife, who trembles at his fish-eye glance, and knows him to be a hypocrite and a brute.

The poseur never looks better than when he is a Judge of some court where injustice is regularly administered. The owl never hooted, that could look *so* solemn as the ignorant Judge. The Oracle never straddled a tripod, that could enounce such profound nothings so ponderously as the jackass Judge. And I never knew it to fail, that such a lawyer—who never had any practice and never made a speech—enjoyed an immense reputation among the people for being "a good judge of law." The unutterable wisdom of his countenance carried conviction, and the admiring public would say, "He *knows* the Law, but he can't tell it."

I venture to say that there isn't a lawyer in America who won't recognize some solemn ass of a legal ignoramus and poseur, in the mirror here held up.

With kings, czars, emperors, &c., it is the same: they are often *poseurs*.

Henry of Navarre, the first Bourbon king, was the only real one: the others were poseurs. Richelieu governed, while Louis XIII. was figure-head: Mazarin ruled, during the minority of Louis XIV.; and the ministers of the Jesuits in rotation, dominated the remainder of his life. Louis XV. was petticoated by his mistress, (the Pompadour) and Louis XVI., by his wife—who was the puppet of her favorites and her whims.

Peter the Great was the last of the Romanoff czars who possesed real strength and genius.

There has never been a Hapsburg

that was *a man*, since Charles V., who quit the throne to become a monk. The others have been the tools of Jesuits, like Lamormain; of diplomats, like Kaunitz; and of consummate intriguers, like Metternich.

There was never a Hohenzollern worth his victuals and clothes, since the days of Old Fritz. The others have had great things done, *under them and for them*, by such master-Germans as Gneisenau, Blucher, Scharnhorst, Altenstein, Hardenburg, Stein, Moltke, Roon, and Bismarck.

It was Gneisenau and Scharnhorst who created the military system of Prussia.

*It was Stein who practically wrote her Magna Charta!*

It was Bismarck who created the Empire.

In all of the marvellous evolution of German armies, navies, schools, colonization, applied science, literature, music, drama, history, agriculture, commerce, manufactures—the Hohenzollerns have been mere poseurs.

(To appreciate the truth of this, you should read "The Life and Times of Stein," by J. R. Seeley, M.A. Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1879.)

In the Benziger Magazine (Papist), of New York, there is a picture illustrating an incident in The Thirty Years' War; and underneath the picture is a line which tells the dupes that the War grew out of the seizure of the Church lands of Papa by the wicked heretics.

In Volume VI., page 163 of "The World's History and its Makers," compiled by a number of eminent scholars, you may read, as follows—

"The year 1618 was now well advanced, and the first acts of violence which led to the Thirty Years' War transpired, and the slumbering volcano of religious dissension burst into eruption.

In the charter which Emperor Rudolph *had granted* to the people of Bohemia and which both Emperor Matthias and Ferdinand *had sworn to maintain*, there was a specific stipulation that the Protestants should have full right to build schools and churches in the cities and in the country.

The Protestant citizens of Prague had built two churches under this stipulation, and the evangelical congregations of Brunau and Klostergraben were about to dedicate their new edifices, when the Catholic clergy, claiming to be acting under direct instructions from the Emperor, *seized the churches, and destroyed one, while they closed the other.*

The two congregations joined in a complaint to the Lords of the Council, the representatives of the Emperor at Prague. Instead of granting redress, the dignitaries caused the deputies of the complainants to be imprisoned."

Compare this with my statement in the article in the House of Hapsburg, and note how the historical authorities agree.

Nothing is more astonishing to me than the flagitious manner in which the Catholic papers, magazines and prelates falsify the facts concerning the bloody and infamous record of the Italian Papacy.

There is one thing that the ardent Herman Ridder, the ardent Ambassador Bernsdorff and the ardent German-hyphens generally will not need to worry about, and that is the Kaiser's personal safety.

William Hohenzollern is taking care of his bacon in a manner which relieves the anxiety of his most devoted worshippers. Unless somebody learns how to shoot fatally with a photograph-camera, the Kaiser isn't going to get hurt.

He never goes closer than five miles to "the front," and as soon as he gets where his powerful field-glasses show him the scene of battle, he stops. He changes automobiles after every ride,

to escape identification. When he makes his trips on railroad trains, he has the Red Cross painted on top, to hoodwink the air-ship enemy. When he goes into new quarters, he has sand-bags laid on the roof to stop the bombs that might be after him; and he posts

there has been a dead-lock of huge proportions, with armies at death-grips all the way from the English Channel to the German Ocean.

*Belgium*, which had not offended Germany, and which was resting in contented neutrality under the written

THE SOLE BENEFICIARY.

a small army, round about, to prevent sudden surprise.

William may be sincere in believing he is God's chosen instrument, but he isn't leaving it to Providence to protect the instrument. William is doing that himself.

During all the weary weeks since the German retreat from before Paris,

promises of Germany, *is literally ruined.*

Her cities have been bombarded and sacked; her fields trampled down, and soaked in blood; her wealth, prosperity and civilization blasted; her people slaughtered, or driven from their Fatherland.

After this, who will pin faith to "a

scrap of paper" signed by a Hohenzollern?

Marten said something about public law, to Napoleon, when Prussia was low, and Napoleon supreme. The

banded against him, and thrust him out.

The Militarism of the Hohenzollerns of today is the embodiment of the public law implied in the question which

WILL HE COME TO THESE? Cory, in *N. Y. World.*

Emperor asked, in reply, "Is public law, at present, anything but the will of the strongest?"

We know where that doctrine led Napoleon. Europe grew tired of him,

Napoleon put to the Prussian publicist. It is the will of the strongest. But no one man is stronger than all his fellows; and no one dynasty can safely provoke the world.

The Kaiser has been so long drunk on vanity, egomania and unchecked power that he is essentially as much of a madman as Napoleon was, when he embarked on the Russian campaign, *leaving Wellington to hammer at his flank in Spain.*

Two such wars, at the same time, were fatal even to Napoleon, although part of Europe was on his side.

The Kaiser has two wars on *his* hands, at the same time; and he is in almost as bad a case as Napoleon. It was a hundred years ago that Militarism got its Retreat from Moscow, its Leipsic, and its Elba.

Will history repeat itself? Will this War Lord be taught that no one man can dominate all men?

There are no limits to the enterprise of American newspapers, or to the spectacular folly of the American Government.

A declining prestige and circulation prompted the New York *World* to resort to something altogether new in advertising itself. The paper asked the charitable rich for donations to buy Christmas knick-knacks for Belgian orphans—homeless children who have lost father, or mother, or both, and who will have to eat the bread of charity.

The *World* hit upon the bright idea of carrying to these hungry, homeless, orphaned children some nice new China dolls, pink bears, stuffed horses, pink-eyed elephants, rose balloons, tin whistles, toy drums, and other Santa Claus delights.

The *World* also hit upon the bright idea of asking the Government for a U. S. battleship for the transportation of these flimsy jim-cracks.

The Government was only too eager to enter into this spectacular nonsense, and it promptly placed the *Jason* at the service of the Pulitzer newspaper and its circulation department.

Sixty gallant tars from other U. S. war-vessels were detailed to assist the *World* in loading the *Jason* with Kris Kringleism for the fatherless Belgians.

Before you read this, the proud *Jason* will be ploughing the deep, on its way to Europe, with those toys for Christmas stockings.

Santa Claus has made many a peaceful home happy; but mere dolls and such stuff seem almost like mockery to a people that stand amid the ashes of their homes, the graves of their loved ones, and the miseries of starvation.

And, are there no little children in New York who will linger before the brilliant show-windows, as in former years, gazing wistfully at the Santa Claus display, and wondering why the good angel of Christmas never comes to their squalid dens?

Will *this* winter be a brighter, happier one than usual in the great metropolis of this Republic?

Would we could think so! With mills closed down, and railroads discharging men, and bankruptcies multiplying, I very much fear it will be a desperately hard time with our own people.

In a letter to me from Los Angeles this statement occurs:

> I lived in the same place in Canada where Maria Monk was born, and was told by a Catholic who knew Maria from childhood; and told me what she had written was true. Shortly before I was there, when the sewers of the "Hotel Dieu" where Maria was, was cleaned out, scores of infant skulls and bones were found. This I learned was true. I was there in 1852. Yours truly,
>
> G. MAJOR TABER.

The fearful story told by the unfortunate victim of priestly lust and criminality, is fully corroborated by such authorities as the monk, Rabelais; the ex-monk Erasmus; and the ex-priest Blanco White—men whose characters are absolutely above attack, and whose

exposures of the inner hells of Roman Catholicism are a part of the literature of France, Germany and England.

In a letter written by a Romanist chaplain of one of our battleships and published in a Romanist paper, the statement is made that the Protestant members of the crew are compelled to abstain from meat on the popish fast-days.

Thus the Protestants are not only forced to attend Catholic worship, but to eat according to popish superstitions.

Religious liberty may have seemed good to Lord Baltimore, and it may seem temporarily desirable to the Spanish priests in Mexico, but religious liberty does not exist on battleships of this Republic, *where the sworn subjects of a foreign potentate* have been made *OFFICERS.*

Professor E. A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin has published a book in which he points out a new danger in Immigration.

He calls attention to the significant fact that these hordes of Italians, Poles, Hungarians, Bohemians, Lithuanians, Slovaks, Portuguese and Croatians are herded into parochial schools, taught by priests of the respective nationalities, and *taught in the foreign language*, not in English.

The number of foreign-born children in these Romanist schools is already 1,400,000. The number is rapidly increasing. The Federation of Catholic Societies is bending every energy to take all Catholic children out of the State schools and put them in the Church schools.

With a host of a million foreigners, mainly from the lowest strata of Catholic Europe, pouring into this country, our Trusts—protected from foreign Capital—beat down American Labor, keep up Trust prices on manufactured products, and powerfully reinforce the Roman Catholic secret societies whose Commander-in-chief has ordered them to "make America Catholic."

The Burnett bill to restrict this foreign invasion passed the House early in the last Congress. Rome ordered it stopped, and it was stopped.

Just such work as that is done by the Pope's ambassador, and by the Roman Catholic diplomats of the Pan-American Union.

The Progressive Party must address itself to the early dissolution of that illegal and dangerous Pan-American Papal-trap, and to the elimination of the Pope's ambassador.

Not very long ago, William O'Connell, of Boston, went over to Rome, Italy, and paid $10,000 for a new hat.

Not a common tile, you understand, but one of the red top-covers that Papa's cardinals wear.

When William was sworn in as cardinal and given his scarlet head-gear, he was required to take *a solemn oath to persecute all Protestants, TO THE UTMOST.*

Collier's *Weekly*, a Catholic paper, stated that when O'Connell took that oath, he smiled "a terrible smile."

Then the oath-bound persecutor came back to Boston, and wanted the State military to turn out and give him a royal reception.

When President Taft went to Boston to attend a banquet, O'Connell claimed that *as a Prince in the foreign order of papal nobility*, he should occupy a *higher place* at the table *than the Governor of Massachusetts.*

Incidentally, O'Connell has been trying to keep the oath he took in Italy, by prosecuting Protestant publishers, encouraging Catholic hoodlums to beat up Protestant lecturers, and using every means to close the mails to papers that tell any of the horrible secrets of the papal system.

In other words, *O'Connell swore to*

*become a persecutor of American non-Catholics*, and he has been persecuting them as hard as circumstances would allow.

But William does not relish persecution when non-Catholics indulge in it.

He doesn't love to have *his* ox gored.

For instance, he is roaring indignantly on account of some rough treatment the Spanish priests and their women have received in Mexico, during the present uprising

He made no outcry when the Spanish priests were burning Mexican "heretics" in 1895.

He did not roar when the Spanish priests over-threw Madero and had him assassinated.

He did not roar when old Huerta was murdering the non-Catholic members of the Mexican Congress.

He did not roar when the Knights of Columbus dragged Rev. Otis Spurgeon out of his hotel in Denver, kidnapped him, and beat him like a dog.

He did not roar when the priests of New York City had Gaynor shot.

He did not roar when a priest-incited mob sacked the Baptist church at Carbondale, Pennsylvania, and beat up the congregation.

He did not roar when the Romanist mob sought the life of Rev. Barnett of Philadelphia.

That kind of persecution was all right. It was holy and meritorious for Catholics to persecute Protestants, for *that* is what Catholic prelates swear to do.

Likewise it was all right for Roman prelates in Mexico *to burn, shoot, stab and starve non-Catholics throughout Mexico, FOR MORE THAN* 300 *YEARS.*

To do this was strictly in accord with papal law, papal teaching and papal practise.

But for non-Catholics to rise in vengeance against their popish oppressors, and drive them away, is horribly against the Pope's ideas of things.

Consequently O'Connell, *the American cardinal who went to Italy and took an oath to persecute US, now demands that WE compel the Mexicans to ease up on Papa's priests!*

He's a nice man to be making that demand of *us*, isn't he?

But he knows how easy it is for the loud and insolent threats of the Roman Catholic prelates to intimidate our time-serving politicians.

With the Jesuit spy at the White House, O'Connell and his papal cohorts believe they can manipulate President Wilson.

They seem to think that Wilson will do anything Tumulty wants done.

At about the same time that Richard Henry Lee, Dabney Carr, Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry were starting the ball of the American Revolution, popery in France was adding another victim to its long list of martyrs.

The charter which a Protestant government in England had granted to Lord Baltimore was protecting the Catholics in Maryland, *where they were in a minority and needed the protection.*

But in France, the Pope was all-powerful and no religious liberty was allowed.

(It is not allowed in Peru at this time, and yet Peru is a member of the Pan-American Union which President Wilson has been honoring at Roman Catholic functions.)

Chevalier de la Barre was a Frenchman, of Abbeville, and he failed to take off his hat in the streets when the monks passed along, bearing the little wafer of wheat bread which they call "the Host."

Because he did not take off his hat to the wafer, the Catholics arrested this young man, tried him for sacrilege, sentenced him to death, *tortured him fiendishly, THEN TORE OUT HIS TONGUE* by the roots, *CUT HIS HEAD OFF*, and burnt his body.

That was in the year 1766.

The Popish murder took place under the supervision of Bishop La Motte whose oath, *binding him TO PERSECUTE AND KILL*, was exactly the same oath *that American bishops and cardinals have recently taken.*

In a recent issue of "The Catholic Transcript," of Hartford, Connecticut, which paper is the official organ of the Roman Catholic diocese of Hartford, appears the following item:

Bishop Schrembs once said: "I defy the world to mention to me a single good, unselfish, disinterested, practicing Catholic, a man faithful and tried in virtue, who has ever abandoned the Church. It is not good and decent Catholics who leave the Church; it is the rubbish, the rank weeds, the men who are unwilling to square with the Church's morality. These are they who leave the Church, either voluntarily or, in the case of priests, by compulsion. The ex-priest is he that has been silenced, excommunicated, thrown out of the Church because of a scandalous life. There is the fact! I boldly issue the defiant challenge to mention to me one single name of a man who left the Church for disinterested motives in order to better himself spiritually. Protestantism cannot point to a single irreproachable and unselfish convert from Catholicism."

I accept the challenge, and confine myself to its brief, clear, positive terms.

The ex-priest whom I will mention, in compliance with the challenge of Bishop Schrembs, is Joseph Blanco White, whose origin was Irish, who was reared in Spain, who left the Roman Catholic church, published some terrible revelations concerning its inner life and crimes, and who died in 1841.

Blanco White enjoyed the friendship of Cardinal John Henry Newman, author of the world-famous hymn, "Lead Kindly Light"—a hymn which was written, however, before Newman left the Episcopal church, to become a papist.

Cardinal Newman bore written testimony, in the strongest language, to the absolute purity and integrity of the ex-priest, Blanco White.

This ex-priest also enjoyed the confidence and the friendship of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the great religious scholar and poet; author of the hymn, "In the Vale of Chamounix"—one of the classics of literature; author also of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," &c.

Blanco White enjoyed the confidence and friendship of John Stuart Mill, the standard authority on political economy, and one of the noblest literary characters in the galaxy of Great Britian.

Mill was the friend of Carlyle, and as such, was favored with the reading of the Ms. of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution." As most readers will remember, the housemaid of Mill threw the manuscript into the fire, and thus caused intense suffering to the author, and a gradual estrangement between the two friends, Mill and Carlyle.

Blanco White also enjoyed the esteem, friendship and admiration of the great Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, Ireland.

Whately is well known as the author of standard works on rhetoric, logic and theology. He favored Catholic emancipation, and therefore cannot be accused of illiberality or prejudice in regard to Roman Catholicism.

One of the books of the Dublin Archbishop, was "The Life and Correspondence of Blanco White," published in 1866. The great prelate died, in London, in 1863.

Among the horrible revelations which Blanco White published, were his descriptions of the inner life in the convents and monasteries. Most pathetically he described how his two sisters had been done to death, by the Spanish priests, in Spain.

There is nothing in the story of Maria Monk, or in the revelations by ex-priest William Hogan, or in the ter-

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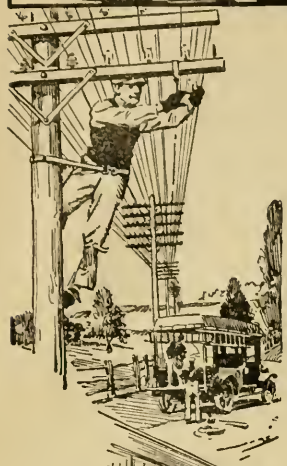

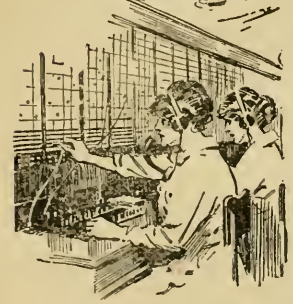

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rible indictment written by the great Dutch scholar and ex-monk, Erasmus, that exceeds the frightfulness of Blanco White's accusations against the monastic and conventual institutions of papal Rome.

Will some reader of this paper clip this editorial and send it to "The Catholic Transcript," which, on November 5, 1914, published the challenge on its editorial page?

Will some reader send my reply to Bishop Schrembs himself, Milwaukee, Wisconsin?

Will some reader take the trouble to pass a copy of my reply to that shifty sheet, published at Huntington, Indiana, by the Rev. John Noll, "Our Sunday Visitor?"

It would give me great pleasure to read what the Romanists have to say against Blanco White.

Of course, I could give them scores of others, but as Schrembs and the Transcript confine themselves to asking for *ONE*, I have decided to give them just one.

In his "Sunday Visitor," which is an official organ of the Roman Catholic church, endorsed in writing by John Bonzano, the American ambassador of the Italian pope, there is a department devoted to questions and answers.

With unconscious humor, Brother Noll calls this department his "Bureau of Information." As a sample of the information which confiding Catholics get from this Bureau, I will copy a question which appeared in the issue of Sunday, November 22, 1914:

> "It has been said by our enemies that, granted Bishop Langton and the Catholic Barons of England forced King John to issue the Magna Charta, the Bishop was nevertheless censured by Pope Innocent and King John was absolved from the obligation of living up to the grant. Please explain."

The answer which Brother Noll makes to the question, follows:

> "On June 15, 1215, Stephen Langton, the Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Catholic Barons compelled King John of England at Runnymede to sign the Magna Charta of English liberties, a bill of rights which Anglo-Americans inherited from their English forefathers who had bequeathed them these liberties secured by the blood and brawn of their ancestors in arms against their despotic rulers. The provisions of this charter, wherever they are applicable, are part and parcel of the fundamental rights of the American people. They became ours from the valor and courage of Roman Catholics.
>
> But those who act upon the principle, "can anything good come from Catholicism?" strive to deprive Catholics of the credit for this act in the cause of freedom. Because Pope Innocent opposed the granting of the charter and assisted King John afterwards to avoid its effects, they say that the action of the barons must not be attributed to Catholics. But all the foes of King John were Catholics."

This reply is characteristically sidesteppy and deceptive. Brother Noll does not tell his questioner that Pope Innocent III. ex-communicated every one of those barons, suspended Archbishop Langton from his high office, laid the curse of the Roman Catholic church upon the Great Charter of our liberties, and released King John from the oath he had taken to abide by it.

Brother Noll does not tell his questioner that all the English barons and English prelates who supported King John, and who were fighting the Great Charter, were also Roman Catholics, and that the head of the church took sides with the tyranny and the tyrants, against the rebellious patriots.

There were nothing in England at that time but Catholics, for the simple reason that the Catholics had killed out

all those who refused to join their church.

It would be just as correct to say we owe the modern Protestant churches to Catholics, as that we owe our modern liberties to Catholics.

In exactly the same sense that Catholics founded our civil liberties, Catholics founded the Protestant churches and schools.

It was the Catholics that broke away from Rome, who fought for and won our civil liberties.

It was the Catholic that broke away from Rome, who fought for and established the Lutheran church, the Presbyterian church, the Episcopal church, and the great schools which have been the nurseries of civil and religious liberty, ever since the heroic days of John Calvin, Martin Luther, Wycliffe, Zwinglius, Melancthon, and John Knox.

In other words, all Europe was Catholic, and all Europe crouched in mental and spiritual darkness under the joint rule of Italian pope and absolute king.

Some Catholics were inspired by Almighty God to throw off the yoke and to sacrifice their lives, that you and I might enjoy civil and religious freedom.

Everlasting honor to such rebellious Catholics as those who faced the Emperor Charles V. in the great Diet at Worms; those who faced, sword in hand, the Duke of Alva, the Prince of Parma, and Don John of Austria, in the Dutch provinces; those who faced Queen Catherine de Medici and the Duke of Guise, in France; and those immortal Englishmen who bearded King John, the pope's vassal, in the valley of the Thames, on that sunny June day, nearly four hundred years ago, and wrung from him, in spite of Italian pope and British prelates, the Great Charter of our liberties.

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